

JOYCEVILLE

Sept. 1966

# ADVANCE

Vol. 1 No. 1

An Open Letter To The C.B.C.

Go Lay A Brick

Home On The Range

A Matter Of Sanguinary Co-operation



WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ? ... WHERE ARE YOU GOING ?



"ADVANCE" — Webster defines the word as meaning to "move forward".

Many of us in the field of correction wonder whether or not we have moved forward — especially when we look particularly at the rate of recidivism in Canadian Penitentiaries. Perhaps if we take a long range look at our program, rather than simply recidivism, we could be more encouraged.

I was given food for thought as I attended church a few weeks ago when the Preacher said, "We will pray for the Inmates and Staff of Joyceville Institution this morning." Until a few years ago it was not appropriate to mention staff and inmates of a penal institution in the same breath. There was a constant feeling of animosity and resistance on both sides. In fact, the inmates would challenge the training program with the attitude — "Well, here I am — just try and reform me." Many Staff members possessed the attitude — "It doesn't matter to me whether you rehabilitate or not."

Strong emphasis has always been placed on "changing attitudes" of prisoners in order that they may take a sincere and honest look at themselves, find help to correct their faults, and eventually change their ways.

It seems to me, that at last, and especially here at Joyceville Institution, attitudes have changed. Inmates are not resisting the Inmate Training Program, but instead are looking for the help of Staff to assist in their transformation. On the other hand, Staff members are constantly searching for a chance to help the inmate in his plight.

We have advanced — We have moved forward. There is a change of attitudes, of Staff and Inmate alike, as they now understand that there is but one real and common goal — the rehabilitation of the inmate.

— Arthur J. Jarvis  
Warden, J.I.

# JOYCEVILLE ADVANCE

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# An Open Letter

*Dear Mr. C.B.C.*

Your T.V. broadcasts followed the usual precepts of commercial aggrandisement; particularly for the producers of your documentary. The effort to package live views and opinions was just a bit less than true. But if you had intended your viewing audience to vicariously share the thrill of degradation suffered by a few convicts, you succeeded magnificently.

It is our opinion-based on assurances of the camera crew and directors-this film was to be presented in order to bring to the attention of the public, the dilemma developed by an archaic penal system.

A great deal of the film was edited. This was undoubtedly due to length of time allotted, and suitability for public consumption. But your ingenuous showing in which the impression conveyed was that seven out of ten convicts had travelled the path of sexual by-roads was a stroke of brilliant showmanship. It must surely have been the cause of many gasps and whistles of simulated horror. This mode of travel is probably prevalent in a penitentiary as it is in a university for males. This is not a perverted contention.

As a public service, we feel sure the film was intended to portray the true current situation in a penitentiary; with the hope that that which was outmoded would be brought to the attention of the majority who would in turn bring it to the attention of the minority whose social responsibility to their own children, and the country as a whole, would then affect the requisite improvements dictated by the power they hold and the empathy within them to act in accordance with their inherent humanness.

If you, or you, were to be perfectly honest, you would probably find that someone of your blood relationship has been contaminated with the prison stigma.

The desperate need, to ameliorate the pressure on the captive felonious congregation, is for parole and probation officers, and psychiatrists. Then again, if the adults were educated to educate their children, why in thirty to fifty years prisons would be nothing but an unpleasant memory.

A portion, perhaps all, of the life of the Everyman is at stake. The starving, neglected and sick of the world's population are not shunned. Are potential members of society (Canadian) worth less?

This is not intended to be an aggressive dissertation, and if it is, we are sorry. If it isn't, we're sorry too.

S. Stern



# EDITORIAL

This is the first issue of the Joyceville "ADVANCE". Publication will be four times a year. We hope that readers find it enjoyable. This magazine will be issued to all inmates, subscribers and other penal institutions.

The remaining eight months will be filled in by a bulletin roughly comparable to the old Joyceville Journal, and will be issued to inmates only, on a monthly basis.

It is our opinion that the Everyman should look into his heart and mind for the significant meanings embodied in the following text, that pertain to his own individuality, whether he be a convict, a business man, or a member of Parliament. We believe the Bible epitomized the following condensation, when it said "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone."

The following is an excerpt from The Prophet, by Kahlil Gibran, on Crime and Punishment.

"Then one of the judges of the city stood forth and said:

Speak to us of Crime and Punishment.

And he answered, saying:

It is when the spirit goes wandering upon the wind.

That you, alone and unguarded, commit a wrong unto others and therefore unto yourself.

And for that wrong committed must you knock and wait unheeded at the gate of the blessed.

Like the ocean is your god-self.

It remains forever undefiled.

And like the ether it lifts but the winged.

Even like the sun is your god-self.

It knows not the ways of the mole nor seeks the holes of the serpent.

But your god-self dwells not alone in your being.

Much in you is still man, and much in you is not yet man.

But a shapeless pigmy that walks asleep in the mist searching for its own awakening.

And of the man in you would I now speak.

For it is he and not your god-self nor the pigmy in the mist, that knows crime and the punishment of crime.

Oftentimes have I heard you speak of one who commits a wrong as though he were not one of you, but a stranger unto you and an intruder upon your world.

But I say that even as the holy and righteous cannot rise beyond the highest which is in each one of you.

So the wicked and the weak cannot fall lower than the lowest which is you also.

And as a single leaf turns not yellow but with the silent knowledge of the whole tree.

So the wrong-doer cannot do wrong without the hidden will of you all.

Like a procession you walk together towards your god-self.  
You are the way and the wayfarers.  
And when one of you falls down he falls for those behind him. a caution against  
the stumbling stone.  
Ay, and he falls for those ahead of him who though faster and surer of foot,  
yet removed not the stumbling stone.  
And this also, though the word lie heavy upon your hearts; the murdered is not  
unaccountable for his own murder, and the robbed is not blameless in being  
robbed.  
The righteous is not innocent of the deeds of the wicked, and the white-handed  
is not clean in the doings of the felon.  
Yea, the guilty is oftentimes the victim of the injured,  
And still more often the condemned is the burden bearer for the guiltless and  
unblamed.  
You cannot separate the just from the unjust and the good from the wicked.  
For they stand together before the face of the sun even as the black thread and  
the white are woven together.  
And when the black thread breaks, the weaver shall look into the whole cloth,  
and he shall examine the loom also.  
If any of you would bring to judgement the unfaithful wife,  
Let him also weigh the heart of her husband in scales, and measure his soul  
with measurements.  
And let him who would lash the offender look unto the spirit of the offended.  
And if any of you would punish in the name of righteousness and lay the ax unto  
the evil tree, let him see to its roots:  
And verily he will find the roots of the good and the bad, the fruitful and the  
fruitless, all entwined together in the silent heart of the earth.  
And you judge who would be just,  
What judgement pronounce you upon him who though honest in the flesh yet  
is a thief in spirit ?  
What penalty lay you upon him who slays in the flesh yet is himself slain in  
the spirit ?  
And how prosecute you him who in action is a deceiver and an oppressor,  
Yet who also is aggrieved and outraged ?  
And how shall you punish those whose remorse is already greater than their  
misdeeds ?  
Is not remorse the justice which is administered by that very law which you  
would fain serve ?  
Yet you cannot lay remorse upon the innocent nor lift it from the heart of the  
guilty.  
Unbidden shall it call in the night, that men may wake and gaze upon themselves.  
And you who would understand justice, how shall you unless you look upon  
all deeds in the fullness of light ?  
Only then shall you know that the erect and the fallen are but one man standing  
in the twilight between the night of his pigmy-self and the day of his god-self.  
And that the cornerstone of the temple is not higher than the lowest stone in  
is foundation.  
Make of yourself the first judgement.



# O D E

## TO AN EX-CON'S WIFE

The time has passed! I'm home at last.  
Hello, my darling wife.  
I've paid for sin, now let's begin  
Another start in life.  
I'll never rob! I'll get a job!  
You see, I've got a trade.  
I'm sure, my dear, the companies here  
Need many mail-bags made!  
I've got a scheme, my little dream,  
To keep me out of Jail;  
It's simple, see, like one, two, three,  
I'm sure it cannot fail.  
Depends on you here's what to do:  
Just stick withh me and then  
In every way, both night and day,  
Remind me of the Pen.  
Oh, paint the walls and rooms and halls  
A morbid, dingy grey,  
And let a gust of wind and dust  
Blow in here every day.  
In winter, Sweet, turn off the heat  
And let the dampness in;  
If it should be too cold for me,  
Walk past my room and grin.  
Give me a broom to sweep my room,  
But cut the handle through;  
Give me a light that's not too bright,  
(A forty-watt will do).  
A table bare, a wooden chair,  
A rag to wash the floor;  
Another thing, be sure to string  
An earphone near my door.  
Back there in jail I used a pail  
To shave, (with looking glass).  
Give me a blade that someone made  
To use for cutting grass!

And, Dear, I hope you'll give me soap  
That never lathers up;  
A brush that's tough and hard and rough.  
A Plain metallic cup.  
If you and I should watch TV  
I mustn't hear a sound,  
So yell, my Sweet, and stamp your feet,  
And move the chairs around.  
We'll go to church, but you must search  
This guy when he goes out; ;  
Be on your toes and frisk my clothes  
Each time I move about.  
Each time I wash, be sure to squash  
My clothes up in a ball,  
Then put them in a metal bin.  
My shoes and pants and all.  
Include two socks within the box,  
One short and one too long;  
Never admit they do not fit.....  
Just sneer, and say, "Your wrong."  
A cigarette? Oh, thanks, my Pet,  
But not a tailor-made.  
Those years alone I rolled my own  
On the salary I was paid.  
An ash-tray, Boss? No thanks, I'll toss  
My butts upon the rug.  
A drinking glass? I'll have to pass;  
I use a metal mug.  
When I am ill give me a pill,  
Don't try to understand;  
Just send me off to choke and cough  
As long as I can stand.  
If I complain about a pain,  
Then stare me in the eye:  
Say, "Okay, Jerk, get back to work,  
Your kind will never die!"



## Ex-Con's Wife

For supper make a rubber steak,  
Or serve some leather pork;  
Use lots of lard and fry it hard,  
Until it bends the fork.  
Then heap some suds upon my spuds  
Or bake them, Dear, in sand,  
Make sure the skin is not too thin,  
To break with mortal hand.  
What e'er you fix, be sure to mix  
The courses all in one...  
Carrots, peas and maybe cheese;  
Spill tea upon the bun.  
When serving tea, it ought to be  
Cold as a Warden's heart,  
And make the bread like heavy lead  
That I can't tear apart!  
And when you bake, for goodness sake,  
Put raisins in the pies,  
But squash them well so I can't tell  
The currants from the flies!  
It's understood that pie is good  
With cole-slaw on the top;  
My memory brings me many things  
That you can splash and slop.  
Now don't set the table, Pet,  
For I'm not used to that;  
Three times a day hand me a tray,  
Then vamoose, beat it, seat!  
I'd like it fine if I could dine  
Inside the bathroom, Dear;  
By sink and bowl, (ignore the hole)  
I'm used to that I fear.  
When I have ate, it's not too late,  
I'll walk around the yard,. .  
But I want you to dress in blue,  
Pretend that you're a guard.

Get me another kind  
That's full of lumps and many bumps  
To stick in my behind!  
The blankets, too, will never do....  
Get me a pair the horses wear,  
They're much too smooth and fine;  
That smell of turpentine!  
Don't set the clock, and don't you knock  
To wake me anymore....  
Just use the gong, and bang it long  
Outside my bedroom door.  
When I get up give me a cup  
Of coffee muddy-brown,  
And serve my toast pale as a ghost,  
Or black as a Judge's gown.  
You want me home, no more to roam?  
Then heed my little tale,  
So I'll recall the months and all  
Then years I spent in jail.  
Remind me, Dear, all through the year  
In everything I do,  
And you can bet a million, Pet,  
I'll stay right here with you!  
Or better still, Dear, if you will  
Watch me walk up and down.  
And give me Hell: be sure to yell,  
"Hey, get in line, you clown!"  
And when the sun shows day is done,  
Don't come to bed with me;  
Many a year upon the tier  
I slept alone you see.  
But don't you fret, my little Pet,  
As you may use the den;  
We'll shout and call across the hall  
As I did in the Pen.  
That mattress is too soft. Gee Whiz,

by

Pep Murray



# HOME ON THE RANGE

By B. Ferguson

*IF IT WAS A MOUSE I WERE,  
CHEESE WOULD BE MY BILL OF FARE  
BUT SINCE IT IS A CON I AM  
JETSAM THEN, IS GOODER FLOTSAM*



AT WORK.....

## *THE FOOD STINKS!*

Potatos are grey; eggs cold and greasy; the bacon raw; cakes and pastries half cooked and the gravy tasteless.

Ask any soldier and these are just a few of the comments he will make about the quality of army food.

Cons will make the same statements. But we don't seem to be able to find any emaciated inmates.

There is a great deal of truth in the old adage that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. In PENAL INSTITUTIONS where at times there is little else to distract the inmates mind from the DEPRIVATIONS of his existence, this old saying borders on being an UNDERSTATEMENT. If the matter were to be studied in depth, it might be discovered that the con's heart and digestive system operated as one organ. Deprive him of anything else and he'll grumble, but probably put up with it. However, CUT his FOOD RATIONS or LOWER the STANDARD of it's quality or method of preparation and he is willing to resort to any means to display his ANGER. For this reason, the administration of Canadian Penitentiaries continually strives to maintain a high level of food service.

The SCALE OF RATIONS utilised by all federal institutions is, with very minor modifications, IDEN-

TICAL to the one drafted for use by the CANADIAN ARMY. Determining the quantity of each item of available foods that may be consumed by the individual inmate (or serviceman) each day, the SCALE DICTATES the total rations that may be prepared for the entire population for EACH MEAL.

From time to time, such remarks as "THE GOVERNMENT HAS LOTS OF MONEY, WHY DON'T YOU ORDER MORE?" have been passed. Naturally, these remarks fall on DEAF EARS. Having been constructed by top experts in the field who are presumed to know what they are doing, the scale represents limitations that the individual institution is unable to step beyond.

Just what is the amount allowed by the scale?

At first glance, 90¢ PER DAY seems BARELY ENOUGH TO KEEP A SMALL CHILD. However, when it is taken into consideration that the marketing is done wholesale, this represents a retail food budget of almost \$50 a week for a family of five. This figure is far above the national average for the working man's home.

Governed by the CODE OF SPECIFICATIONS the quality of the food purchased is controlled in the manner of weight, size, condition and method of manufacture. Government inspectors make regular inspections of the institutions to examine stock-piled surpluses of such items as milk, cheese, butter and eggs. Any foods that do not meet the set standards are automatically rejected.

Not all foods are purchased from wholesalers. A vast quantity of the food consumed in the institutions is produced on their own farms and processed in their



.....AND AT WORK



own dairies, slaughter houses, canneries and bakeries. In addition crews of inmates are sent weakly to such projects as the SMITHFIELD EXPERIMENTAL FARM where fruit and vegetables are produced for the area institutions. Costwise, apart from the occupational advantage, it is quite practical for the institutions to produce their own food.

Since the standard of raw food materials in penal institutions (and military establishments) is on a set level, it is clear that any deviation in the quality of the meals lies in the individual kitchen methods of handling and preparation. Here in Joyceville as in other penitentiaries, the quality of the meals depends on the interest and abilities of the Stewards and in-



**BACON.....**

mate staff. The greater emphasis in this case is primarily on inmates since they are responsible for the actual preparations of the meals and must display a willingness to work, and above all, a desire to produce a first class meal.

It is in this area that the problem of the occasional snafu usually lies.

The selection of inmates for the key cooking positions in an institutional kitchen is of the greatest importance. While past experience in cooking is sometimes desirable, it is not always in the interest of the inmate or those who must eat the meals he prepares. Institutional cooking is an intricate field far removed in many ways from the techniques of hotel or restaurant. Frequently a man who has experience on the street will come into the kitchen honestly believing that he will be of great value, only to find himself totally lost and confused in the strange procedures he is expected to follow in what he rightfully considers his craft. The end result is that his particular portion of the meal turns out below par. This in turn shakes his self confidence resulting in repeated low standard production.

In such cases, it is the responsibility of the stewards department to note this and upon discovery of the cause move the man in question to other employment until he has had time to become accustomed to the difference of techniques.

For this reason, it is, at times, the best policy to

take a man with no previous experience and train him. Some of the top institutional cooks have gained their entire training in penitentiary kitchens.

Not to be overlooked in a close examination of the kitchen is the high level of hygiene and sanitation. The contamination of food and the resultant effect of epidemic proportions on the inmate population is a continual nightmare to the Stewards department. Considering the damage done by a single container of food at the Ontario Reformatory at Guelph last January, (almost 100 inmates hospitalised and treated), it is evident why too much stress can never be made on this crucial phase of the institutional food service operation.

Second only to the preparation of the food, is the manner in which it is served. Basically there are three methods that are feasible: line, dining room cafeteria, or food wagon. Because of distinct advantages, the latter has proven to be the most desirable for this institution.

By using the electrically heated wagons, the majority of the time, the food is kept reasonably warm until it is to be served, in a smaller and therefore more efficient manner. It must also be noted that not only is there a more even portion control under this system, but that the reduced number of inmates dining in the clean, cheerful common rooms creates a better atmosphere for the enjoyment of the meals.



**SANDWICH**

Knowing now a little more of the responsibilities faced by the kitchen administration, it is a little easier to understand the earnest and concerned irascibility of Mr. Byzewski, the head Steward. All considered, it is a thankless job that he is saddled with. Not only must he cope with the administrative headaches of the operation, but he is compelled to conduct the purchasing under the limited budget and the inflexible Scale of Rations as well as code of specifications. (And he copes admirably!)

As it would be virtually impossible for any one

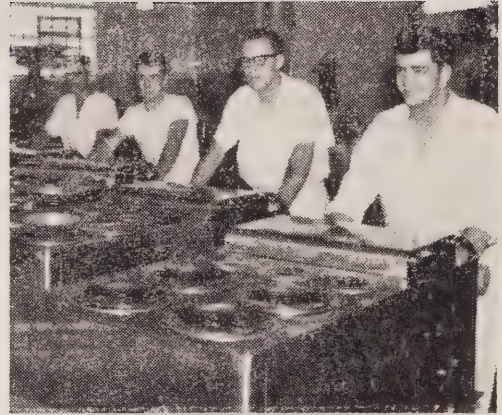
man to run an operation of such importance and magnitude as the kitchen of this institution, it is essential that the chief steward relegate a certain number of his duties to capable assistants. In Mr. Wills, competent and conscientious, and Mr. Quinlan who is always concerned and affable (to name just two of the able members of this department) this need is certainly fulfilled.



**BUNS FOR FIELD DAY  
(ON RACK)**

As is customary in all institutions, penal or military there is always a small minority who are vociferously dissatisfied with the meals. Thus the weekly menu is designed to meet the average taste, (according to what the stewards believe, that is). Their knowledge of the inmates choice in dishes has been compiled by the sampling of inmate reaction to certain dishes over a long period of time.

It should also be noted that the meals served in the staff mess are not, as some malcontents would have us believe, of a higher calibre than those served to the general population. A close look into this matter has revealed that the average staff meal is sub-standard by comparison to that served in the common rooms. No wonder so many officers aspire to the farm annex where they are permitted to eat the same meals as the inmates! (which incidentally, are on the same level as those served in the main institution).

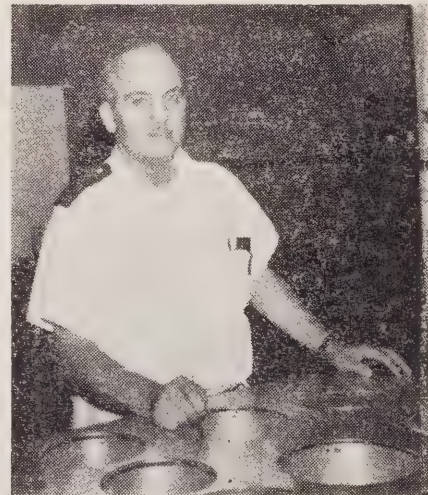


**WAGONS WHOA!**

In conclusion, we would like to quote the words of Mr. Quinlan:

"It is the prime objective of the stewards' department to take the food items available, use them to the best advantage possible and turn out a meal that meets dietary standards and the average inmates culinary approval."

**THE END**



**MR. MILLS**

---

"Anyone can carry his burden, however hard, until nightfall.

"Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one more day.

"And this is all that life really means."

— Robert Louis Stevenson

We wouldn't care to dispute the words of Stevenson, but that type of living doesn't sound like delirious happiness.



# T. V. and ME

By Scot Corcoran

What will the new television season be like? According to Shields it will, despite appearances of a bold new series of original musicals and dramas called "ABC Stage 67," be a year like any other.

The latest count indicates there will be thirty-three new U.S. filmed series. CBS, the fat cat of T.V. will have eight. NBC the runner-up cat, will have nine. And ABC, the scrawny alley cat, will have sixteen!

Milton Berle will be back with a show of his own. So will Gary Moore, Imogene Coac and Tammy Grimes.

Imogene Coca's series, called "Its about Time", concerns two astronauts blasted back to the stone age. It replaces "My Favourite Martian". Don't confuse it with "Time Tunnel" which has two scientists wandering through past history but not quite to the stone age, whereas "Star Trek", starring Bill Shatner, is about a space ship wandering through future history. I personally give all that space bit thumbs down, although my good friend Sydney who digs science fiction will have a ball.

Another series is called 'Jericho' which is about three allied commandos in World War II. One of these is our own Canadian, Don Franks, who starred in the pilot, then was replaced and rehired, at least twice. Then there is 'Love On A Rooftop' created and written by Toronto's Bernie Slade with Ottawa's Rich Little in a supporting role. Incidentally nearly all of "Love on a Rooftop" will be done in San Francisco.

Meanwhile back at the CBC: Well what is there to say about an outfit that cancelled the program "This Hour Has Seven Days?" Many people probably wonder (because of cancellation) what kind of program "This Hour Has Seven Days" was really like. I had a very lengthy article written on this subject but I filed it out of disgust. However, I'll tell you briefly what kind of a program it was. Seven Days was a program that showed, or should I say exposed Politics, Education, Sex, Old Folk's Homes, Hospitals, Prisons and Slums, etc., etc., for what it really was and still is, and gave it to the layman in his own language and although a few like myself thought that their satire bits were excellent, it's quite obvious that this country isn't ready for satire yet; the masses unfortunately still dig slapstick for laughs. Yes there is a lot I would like to say about the Top Brass of CBC, but I'm afraid they would sue me for my hard earned tobacco money, or get me a few more years in the Bastille — 'nuff said.

You all remember Mary Tyler Moore, the fantasy girl of the American dream, tall and well-pro-

portioned, with slim legs, a wide sensuous mouth and a pert nose who pranced her way through six seasons, as Laura Petrie. The zany-sexy wife on CBS's "The Dick Van Dyke Show in which she was always bright but not aggressive, wholesome but not puritanical, funny, but not slapstick. She's got a clean cut fresh look about her but still very sexy. She was nominated for three Emmy Awards of which she won two. Well, now at the age of 28, she is giving up the all-American image. She is playing the part of Julie Andrews' roommate in "Thoroughly Modern Millie", and will also be in the Broadway Musical of "Breakfast at Tiffanys" in which she plays Truman Capote's promiscuous anti-heroine, Holly Golightly. Although this is a big switch for Miss Moore, (possibly because on Broadway you only have one chance to make it) she says she has no regrets about her demise as little Miss Wholesome on T.V., and will now able to order scotch sours instead of milk when she dines out; let's hope she makes it.

Now let's turn to summer replacements. First, there is a singer with the Dale Carnegie smile, John Gary, who is obviously catering to the housewives and squares. He calls himself a high baritone; could be. I know his voice belongs in a choir. Sure he's O.K. if he sings a couple of solos of the heart melting type like "Danny Boy", but to stay on there for nearly the whole hour and try to punch out production numbers, Egads! Of course he worms his way into the living rooms and hearts by making an "only copy" recording for some little miss muffet-nice gimmick.

Another singer with a much stronger and better type of voice for show-biz is John Davidson. He could, or will probably, make it on talent alone, but also insists on using a gimmick by going down on his knees and asking some gent, "Tell me sir, when did you meet the milestone round your neck?" and the reply is something like 1928 etc. to which Davidson will then come out with a song that couldn't get off the ground floor 40 years ago— sad, sad! Why don't they try to melt hearts like the master did when he was their age by getting out there and just singing. And without gimmicks knocked them all dead. Who is the master? Why the Chairman of the Board, the leader— Frank Sinatra, Mr. Francis never used gimmicks and he not only took the masses by storm a decade ago, but he is still doing it with voice alone, and in his spare time he is also waltzing the young ones down the aisle.

Of course all summer replacements are not a total loss. Richard Prior, the young coloured comedian on the John Davidson show is excellent and

will definitely stay up on top for a long time. He can be seen fairly regularly on the "Merv Griffin Show". Then there is hats off to the wonderful job Rowan & Martin are doing with their summer replacement of the Dean Martin time slot. They have real up to-date routines, and are very smart in having a well rounded show with the help of Barbra McNair, Frankie Randall, Laini Kazan, (Wow!) and of course, the up and coming funny man of the year, Don De Louise.

I would also like to mention that I saw one of the best coolest jazz scenes of T.V. on Friday the 12th of August when I viewed the Lennie Breau show. He sure gets a lot of beautiful sounds out of that Baldwin guitar. Lennie is a very modern-minded young musician and it is a pleasant and refreshing change to hear music on T.V. such as he plays. Also to be commended for their excellent work on vocals were Yvette, Judi Singh, and Karen Marklinger whose phrasing and syncopation of songs, (obviously written for this type of show) namely "Let's Go, Where the Grass is Greener," and "I've Got a Baby on the East Coast Gig Going on the West Coast." Musical background was provided by the Bob McNullen orchestra.

The show was superb and for this I give 5 stars to CBC, Winnipeg.

## CORNER STORE

I was under the impression that you walked to the wicket, gave the attendant your number, and in return, he handed you a bag. It looked like a soft job for Mr. Jack and his assistant, John Willis. Particularly, since they did it only once every two weeks. Because the hours involved for this procedure were



Mr. Jack and Associate

limited, I had figured Mr. Jack's remuneration at about ninety dollars an hour.

But, I seem to have miscalculated. This department also performs the duties of accountant, bookkeeper, wholesaler, purchasing agent, warehouser, and storekeeper. The performance of these duties with a minimum of errors, would seem to be a display of considerable competence. And Mr. Jack and his assistant are always affable. No, it's not the soft touch that it looks.

A few points of interest to the general population: Kool-Ade must be distributed in random lots, because they are bought in mixed proportions. Items for sale are controlled by Regional Headquarters, not the Canteen Officer. There is no credit by order of the administration. The canteen slips must be signed, not printed, by order of Regional.

At the end of every second week, Mr. Jack and John are in the position of a bookkeeper and an accountant, closing their books and drawing up a trial balance for the year. An outside business does this only once a year.

The bookkeeping entails a fantastic amount of preliminary work it leaves no room for error or speculation.

The new army classification doctor was getting ready to give a physical to a troop who were to be transferred to Viet Nam.

"How rigid should the examination be, Colonel?" asked the doctor.

"We're desperately short of men, doctor. Just count their eyes and divide by two. If you get an even number, they're all fit."

## HOBBYCRAFT

Despite the fact we don't all engage in hobbycraft a great many are appreciative of the efforts expended by the affable Mr. Caird.

As a prime example, there are two art displays at the Gananoque Gallery at which the inmates will be permitted to show their works. From Sept. 13 to 17, they will again be given the privilege at the Kingston Fall Fair, which is attended by tens of thousands. We must bear in mind that were it not for the machinations of Mr. Caird, this opportunity would not be available to the artists in the institution. This effort is not called for in his usual course of duties.

Collins Bay stopped inmates sales of hobbycraft about two years ago, and Kingston Penitentiary in March of this year. Joyceville lasted until June, and plenty of notice was given that this regulation was to take affect. A directive such as this of course, comes directly from the Commissioner of Penitentiaries.

Without undue delay from accounting, orders are processed promptly through the hobbycraft office.



# A TRUE HALF-WAY HOUSE

By Syd Stern

The criminal is delinquent in his obligations to society: this does not mean his existence should be relegated to a shadowy corner of the public's mind, and dismissed.

Thinking society displays a lack of deference to its own mentality in refusing to confront the problem posed by these same criminals.

For some incarceration is a necessity: for others it is totally inadequate and unnecessary.

This line of reasoning is appropriate, but unfortunately they are sophisms that do not carry the attendant actions obligatory to bring to fruition the cure for a constantly impregnated prison population.

Our prison population expands at a rate commensurate with our national growth. It is the only sickness which is permitted to fester and spread.

Surely it would be wiser to prevent a crime, than capture a criminal after the commission.

The Bible said "Thou Shalt Not Steal." It then prescribed "locking the gate ere the sheep and oxen be stolen." But who ever doubted the sagacity of biblical quotations?

Our T. B. hospitals are almost empty. Pneumonia is a thing of the past. Venereal disease is a one day cure. Mental illness is being relieved at an unprecedented ratio. But the aberrationist is permitted, yes even encouraged to proliferate. Do we not continue to build new and better jail accommodations for the felon?

But some progress has been made. We have probation; AFTER the crime. We have suspended sentence; AFTER the crime. We have parole; AFTER the crime. We have half-way houses, work release programs and rehabilitation; AFTER the crime.

A partial panacea then, would be an interview with the felon before he commits the offense. And this would seem to be an obvious impossibility.

But wait. This suggestion is not so highly improbable as it sounds. We need hospitals, or its more plausible equivalent, to affect the cure, not the graveyard of a prison property. Is it not after all, wiser to bear the upkeep of a patient for a week or a month, or in the properly qualified cases, for as long as is necessary at a nominal cost, rather than pay for the incarceration of a human being at an almost prohibitive cost in a program that has proven to be of no pragmatic value?

Neither rhetoric for one side of the problem, nor sophistry for the opposing view resolves the dilemma.

What are the prevalent reasons at the root of crime? Simply, they are alcohol, despondency at current and future prospects, and money. The vast majority of people in prison and those who were practically, or completely without resources for a meal or rent, coupled probably with a few drinks, who

lacked the ingenuity or opportunity to overcome their problems in a normal manner. They then unthinkingly precipitated into a criminal act as the temporary medicine for their ills.

Just as the cancer patient wastes in his hospital bed, as the paralyzed victim of a coronary, so is this incipient criminal, sick.

But then, of course, the problem remains. How do we get the opportunity to speak to this budding felon before he breaks the law. LET HIM COME TO A TRUE HALF-WAY HOUSE. Not a time and a half house to which he is welcome — for a limited time — when he is released from jail. Let him come to this half-way house as he would a hospital. Not when he is so sick or already broken the law, that prison then becomes the only possible solution. We don't send our sick to a graveyard first, we send them to a hospital. Let us allow the properly construed half-way house to take the place of the hospital, rather than send him to the prison cemetery.

This type of half-way house has particular reference to the repeater. He, better than anyone, knows when he is on the verge. If he needs a meal, feed him. If he needs a bed, lodge him. If he needs help to keep his family together, accommodate him.

Some of these cases will be intensely critical in that a wise tolerance and sense of discernment must be utilized.

Is this a bureaucratic responsibility? Yes. Is this a private philanthropy concern? Yes. Is this a moral burden on the public conscience? Yes.

The half-way house should not dole its services out on the contingency of a specific religion. The house will, in time, carry its own aura of faith that will resolve itself into the basic pattern of the individual in conformity with his own improved and nourished outlook.

Whether the true half-way house is achieved by public support, government gratuity or private enterprise, is relatively unimportant. But there is a profound need for immediacy in order to obviate contamination of future generations by the blight of prevalent crime.

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*There was a young lady of Lynn  
Who was deep in original sin.  
When they said, "Do be good!"  
She said, "Would if I could."  
And straightway went at it again.*

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# Ornithologist

By Pep Murray

It was a horrible day. Absolutely abominable. The skies were dull, and small patches of fog drifted off the lake and over the prison walls. A rainstorm, which attacked the prison relentlessly during the night and retired at dawn, had left the grounds soaking and muddy, and painted the walls a dull, dreary grey. Cons milled about the yard, singularly or in groups, willingly tolerating the chill, damp weather in lieu of the prospect of remaining in the narrow confines of their cells.

Pete held a book of matches in the palm of his hand, and when he spoke to me he raised his voice to make himself heard above the tumult. It was a babble of calls, cries, howls, laughter, whistling and now and then a yelp of simulated pain, or piteous appeal to throw the handball on the court — the ordinary conversational tone of the yard.

"This is how you do it," said Pete, holding a match between thumb and forefinger. He was showing me how to split a match up the center with the thumbnail so that one might obtain forty lights from a book of matches instead of the usual twenty. This method he reasoned would save me seven cents on my canteen order. "Won't buy you a cup of coffee outside," he said, "but it's ten percent of a week's salary here, or almost half a day's pay. Now watch carefully."

"I am looking," I said. But my eyes were turned toward the far end of the yard. I was watching a frail, little guy who stood staring up at the gun tower. He had a large book which he appeared to consult for a few moments — I could see his lips moving — then he gazed again at the tower as if in deep concentration. It was the third time in a week I had witnessed this gazooney going through a similar rigamarole.

"Pete," I said, nudging him with an elbow, "dig the little guy with the big book and the goofy stare. What gives?"

Pete studied him for a moment. "Stir-bugs!" he exclaimed.

"Maybe. But I don't think so. He seems to be eyeing that screw up in the tower."

"Must be a pansy," he ventured.

"Could be. But why pick on a hack with the yard full of prospects?"

"To each his own," said Pete, walking away.

I sauntered across the yard and stood beside the little fellow. He was a short, brown-eyed guy, as thin as a soda straw. His lips met in a straight line and his eyes looked huge behind thick glasses that sat on his prominent hooked nose. His ears were large and stuck out so straight I was reminded of a taxi with both doors open. I didn't need to look at the number

the jug for quite some time — he had the jaundiced look of a guy who had shaken a lot of time. "Lousy weather?" I ventured. He said nothing.

"That's quite the book," I said indicating the huge tome he hugged under his arm. He didn't move a muscle of his stoney face. "What's the name of it?" I asked, tilting my head in an attempt to read the title.

The guy didn't even grunt. I was tempted to say "To hell with you, buddy," and walk away. But I was as curious as the proverbial cat.

"Say," I said, "do you know that screw up in the tower? You've been staring at him for quite awhile." He wrinkled his seamed face in disgust and spat onto the ground as close to my shoes as anyone could come without getting a slap on the chops.

Silence. Finally he spat again and answered.

"I am not interested in the guard," said he, without turning his head. "I am an ornithologist."

I looked at the tower again and noticed a large grey and white bird sitting on the wall. Now when it comes to ornithology I'd make a hell of a good plumber; I hardly know the difference between an ostrich and a jail-bird. Nevertheless, Dale Carnegie says we should always talk to people about the things that interest them the most, so I jumped in feet first. "That's only a cotton-pickin' gull," I said. "There are hundreds of them around here."

"Quite so," said he. "Got a smoke?"

I took out my tobacco and papers and handed them to him. "Here you are. Don't make it a habit."

"Do you mind rolling it?" he asked. "I don't want to lose sight of that bird."

The guy had more nerve than Dick Tracy. I twisted a thin one and handed it to him.

"Thanks," he nodded. "Got a light?"

"How are you fixed for underwear?" I snorted. No use learning to split matches just to hand them to an ornithologist.

He turned and looked at me for the first time. I noticed again how large his eyes looked and the size of his hooked nose. The thought struck me that his interest in birds was appropriate; he looked like a hungry owl. "Don't you know anything about gulls?" he asked.

"Well, by the looks of the walls and buildings here, I'm sure they never suffer from constipation."

"Ah, yes, my friend, but in many South American countries guano is extremely important to agriculturists. What else do you know about birds?"

I made a mental note to look up guano in my dictionary. "Not much," I admitted, "except that the dove brings peace, the stork brings tax exemptions



and all the chickens delivered to the kitchen have rubber legs."

His expression didn't change. "Gulls are very valuable. They perform a public service by eating refuse or garbage."

"Hell," I exclaimed, "I do that three times a day!"

"That's the reason," he continued, "they are protected by society. It's against the law to shoot them."

"Meaning," said I, "if the guard spotted me up there on the wall he would be commended if he shot me, but would be arrested if he shot a gull."

"Precisely."

"Vive La Democratic Justice!"

"Don't try to be facetious. I can show you facts to justify such a law right in here," he said, thumping the book for emphasis. "Without protection most of our birds would be extinct. It is only a few years ago that greedy, unscrupulous hunters wiped out the passenger pigeon."

"That's tough. Too bad they didn't do the same thing to the stool pigeon!"

He was obviously annoyed. "You are not interested in birds — you merely wish to belittle me."

"Quite the contrary," I assured him. "I find the subject extremely interesting. I recall when I was a youngster in kindergarten the teacher once read a little poem called 'Which Came First, The Chicken Or The Egg?' To the other kids it was just a little ditty, but to me it was a fascinating question. I thought about it many, many times in an attempt to discover the answer."

"And did you?"

"No. But I've still got time; I'm only forty-four."

He wasn't listening. "Look, he cried. "There are two additional gulls with the other one! What beautiful specimens! Ah, but they are not true gulls — note that they are somewhat smaller than the others — they are called terns. Do you know why they always travel in pairs?"

"Of course. One good turn deserves another."

"Very funny. Actually it is because they mate for life. They're monogamous."

"That's okay. I'm protestant. Seems to me that your studies must be limited in here. There are not many types of birds."

"Oh, but there are. You just don't notice them. See that cute little fellow over there?" he asked, pointing at a tiny bird perched on the hand-ball wall. "That's an English sparrow. He is not a native, but was first brought here approximately 200 years ago."

"That's a hell of a long time," I mused. "He should be due for a parole."

"There are millions of sparrows," he said.

"That's true. They all gather outside my cell at five o'clock every morning."

"They congregate there because the inmates feed them," he said.

"Well," I said, "there is at least one fellow who gives them food — the guy in the next cell to me. I

have often heard him shout: 'This bloody meal is for the birds!' Must be a kindly chap."

He snapped his book shut and started away. "Wait," I said, grasping his arm. "When the Sheriff was driving me here from the county hoosegow I saw a very strange bird. If I describe it can you identify it for me?"

He beamed with pleasure. "Sure I can," he cried enthusiastically. "What did it look like?"

"Well it was sort of red with a long tail and ....."

"How big was it?"

"Oh, about the size of your coffee mug."

"Was its mate nearby?"

"He was on the lawn of the Catholic church, so I doubt that he was committing adultery."

Nodding absently, as if he heard my reply from a distance, he scratched his head and looked puzzled. "What else did you notice? Did it have long legs? What was it eating?"

"Now that you mention it," I said, "this bird had four legs and was devouring a nut."

He looked at me for a moment and searched my face for a meaning to this enigmatic statement. He mouthed some words with his lips but did not speak. Then, clearing his throat hoarsely, he shouted, "That was a goddam squirrel, you gibbering, idiotic baboon!" Then I was standing alone.

It seems that ornithologists are very sensitive people.

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## I'LL VOLUNTEER

The United States has quite a problem with the draft.

Students with high grades don't go. Low graded pupils do. Some marrieds do, some don't. An only child doesn't go, provided his father's dead. Some pseudo religious characters don't go, if they're convincing enough. Criminals and social deviates don't, maybe. And on and on. Makes it pretty hard for them to get an army to-gether.

But, Haile Selassie, the Lion of Ethiopia, had no particular problem when he raised an army to fight Mussolini in 1935. This was his order.

"Everyone will now be mobilized and all boys old enough to carry a spear will be sent to Addis Abada."

"Married men will take their wives to carry food and cook. *Those without wives will take any woman without a husband.* Women with small babies need not go."

"The blind, those who cannot walk, for any reason cannot carry a spear are exempted. Anyone found at home after the receipt of this order will be hanged."

Doesn't sound too bad, if you were single..

S. Stern.

# QUIET, PLEASE

by Syd Stern

The first method of identification was face-to-face confrontation with the individual. Then the camera arrived to make identification of a criminal a universal possibility. And then of course, Bertillon sophisticated the absolute fingerprint method which is immutable evidence in any court in the land.

Many new, devious methods were initiated to be used as incriminating evidence, but were usually too tenuous to stand up to the rigid requirements of the court.

There was the telephone tap for voice identification, substantive in some courts, but not in others. The lie detector which calibrated the pulse, respiration and blood pressure, etc., but this, viz: photographing the eye, and progress is being made in the measurements of brain waves.

In the United States however, there is a new method of identification, proof positive, called "voice-prints." In other words, your voice is just as surely yours as are your fingerprints.

The criminal of the very near future, or possibly even of today, would find it advisable to pursue the following course when committing a felony. For his own protection of course.

*Wear gloves to protect against fingerprints, cover the face to provide against photos, wear a blindfold to negate retina measurements, and try not to breathe, so that your respiration can't be taken. And keep your mouth shut.*

Sounds like a hell of a way to make a living. But then it always was, wasn't it.

And, oh yes, they're now working on this new method by which your smell gives you away. This will doubtless have a wide — spread application. For a varied many, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

## GO LAY A BRICK

Don't be a mason. Laying brick. Tile. Blocks. Plastering. It's probably the hardest job in any industry. And another thing. Frequently there's so much work to be done in this trade, you'd have to put in sixty hours a week to get it all done. It's just too much.

Unless you happen to be one of those who are always thinking about money. And you want to make about \$4.00 an hour. The only reason we add this statement, is because we thought the money might appeal to some of the greedier amongst us.

But in the event you do, then the opportunity is available under the capable auspices of the amiable Mr. Coates and his assistant Mr. Niles.

It would take, probably, a couple of years to become proficient at this trade, but there is no doubt that your earning capacity would sufficiently increase to warrant the effort.

Many thousands of dollars in labour are in concrete evidence around the institutions. Hot beds for starter plants. A sump pump, and a proposed incinerator which will run into tens of thousands of dollars. This has, and will be done by inmate labour. There is also the continual work of maintenance. This alone is enough to keep a crew of masons busy the year round.

Mr. Coates waxed slightly philosophical on the importance and significance of being a mason.

"It is, after all," he said, "the single most important job in any trade or industry. You can't plug an electric light into the branch of a tree, nor would you build a tub and shower into an open plot of ground. You must, in order to enjoy the modern luxuries of life, primarily build a firm foundation. So a mason puts in the footings, the walls, a roof is then laid on top, and we are now ready for the light bulb and running hot and cold water."

"And life," he continued, "follows the same pattern of pragmatism. Without the foundation being laid for the proper moral traits in our character, so they may properly evolve, we are ready for neither the amenities nor requisites of a fruitful future."

This sounds reasonable. If you are building something so firm and solid as the foundation for a house or a building, some of the intrinsic worth of



your effort will doubtless become an inherent pattern of your own character.

Masonry? Maybe the hard work is worth it. But you, I'm sure would know better than I.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CO-OPERATION

MCALISTER, Okla. (AP) — A plate used to make counterfeit \$50 bills was seized yesterday at the state penitentiary prison print shop.

The print shop supervisor, Harold L. Vall, whom they said, was carrying \$2500.00 in bogus money, was charged with trying to peddle counterfeit \$50 bills.

ED. Now that's what I'd call working with the inmates.



## NEW DEPUTY WARDEN

It is unusual to have a man with a short term service record in the penitentiary promoted to the position of Deputy Warden. Mr. Beaupre has, after all only thirty-three years of experience. That is, all but five and a half years between '40 and '46 in the R.C.A.F. The previous twenty-eight years were spent in Kingston penitentiary. As an officer.

Specifically, he is in charge of the inmates, and all contiguous responsibilities relating to them.

When asked what his reaction was to Joyceville, the 6' 3" answer was "The concept of medium security is pleasant."

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## NOTHING COULD BE FINAH THAN THE STATE OF CAROLINA

....if you have to serve time. Corrections officials in that state believe in progressive penology — they practice what they believe too.

The program permits prisoners who are doing well in the work release program to spend weekends at home with their families. The prisoners are allowed to leave the prison on Friday and return to the prison late Sunday.

There has not been a single complaint, and community reaction is good. It's helped cement relations between husband and wife, father and son, brother and sister. It's exactly the same principle as leave from the military service; a good morale booster for the inmate and his family.

The precedent setting program has opened the doors for more than 300 Carolina prisoners and it is expected that the program will grow.

Ontario has about the same population as North Carolina, and probably an equal number of convicts.

Well, really. What is wrong with a weekend off for qualified inmates?

South Carolina has just signed a bill allowing the inmates 12 days off for each pint of blood donated. They are allowed to contribute a maximum of 5 pints per year.

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## HYPNOSIS: A WEAPON FOR POLICE

Toronto Star by Sidney Katz

SHOULD POLICE EMPLOY psychiatrists to hypnotize suspects to establish their guilt or innocence?

Criminal investigators are constantly being frustrated by their inability to extract the truth from individuals being questioned about a crime. This frustration — it is alleged — sometimes leads to the use of the brutal third degree.

A new and simple technique of handling an uncommunicative suspect according to some police officials, is the use of hypnosis.

Once in a hypnotic trance, the argument goes, the suspect's defences crumble and he'll spill out the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

On at least 30 occasions, police officials have asked Dr. Harold Rosen, a John Hopkins Medical School psychiatrist, to hypnotize suspects. Rosen is also head of the American Medical Association's committee on hypnosis. Dr. Rosen has steadfastly refused his services for the following reasons:

MANY PEOPLE lead a rich fantasy life. Under hypnosis they may "confess" to offences which they have committed only in their imagination.

SOME PEOPLE will admit guilt to a crime only to please the hypnotist.

IT'S POSSIBLE for a hypnotist to implant a notion of guilt in a subject's mind which he'll later spill out in the form of a confession. This is a form of brainwashing.

A LARGE NUMBER of people are not susceptible to hypnosis. These include certain psychopaths, neurotics and psychotics.

I found little sympathy for hypnosis as a police tool among Canadian law enforcement officers.

DEPUTY CHIEF SAM JOHNSON? Metro Police: "Although the issue has never been tested in court, I doubt if a confession obtained by this means would be admissible as evidence. Even if it were, I haven't much faith in hypnosis."

As for most other people, you don't need hypnosis to obtain a confession. When confronted with convincing evidence of their guilt they admit it. It makes them feel better.

RCMP spokesman: Even if it were permissible to use hypnosis, it wouldn't be reliable. It would be like the truth drugs. You get different kinds of responses from different people. I know of individuals who admitted to crimes under the truth drug which they definitely did not commit.

\* \* \* \* \*

## DO AS I DO

If thou desire to see thy child virtuous, let him not see his father's vices. Examples direct more than precepts; such as thy behaviour is before thy children's faces, will their behaviour be behind your back.

\* \* \* \* \*

# *Rendezvous with Horror*

By Joseph Bujas

During the last couple of years I have been working for the official army paper as a reporter and columnist under the editorship of Professor Muller, a distinguished writer, composer, and a close personal friend. Our job's to preserve ancient songs, poems, dances, words and expressions of the old, almost forgotten languages. In short, to dig into the distant past in an attempt to establish a strong relationship in our present and past, folk culture.

We came up with surprisingly old and accurate findings, some dating back as far as a thousand years. We travelled many miles, encountered many difficulties — sometimes fighting the peasant's stubborn, superstitious indifference.

Then one day we came across a tale from the middle ages which seemed so incredible that our department decided to investigate it immediately. So once again we found ourselves on the road, our equipment packed and ready, heading towards a small, border-side village and towards one of the greatest surprises of our lives. Even now, many months later, cold shivers run up and down my spine when I recall the incident.

People in this part of the country were very religious — and at the same time, very superstitious. The tale, as we pieced it together, originated in the early fourteenth century when the country — together with many of the Balkanic countries — suffered under the rule of "The Sword of Tsham."

Many of our peers died a horrible death, or accepted the Turkish rule. Count Osarby was one of those who bent his knees in co-operating with the Sultan's wishes; his family grew wealthier, while the people in his domain became poorer and poorer.

One day, however, he met with his well-deserved fate when the travelling Sultan stopped at the Count's castle and took his beautiful wife for his personal harem.

The Count became a madman and every full moon he rode out in his carriage, surrounded with blood-thirsty hounds, to take his revenge among the innocent villagers. He was apparently cursed and could not die, and even now, in the twentieth century, he continued to haunt people.

According to the story, he had kept a perfect schedule and appeared exactly at midnight during every full moon. No one ever saw him at close range, but his devilish face and black clothes gave him a heart-stopping appearance. Furthermore, no one had ever entered the castle and there was no sign of life in it day or night.

On those occasions when the Count appeared, the townspeople locked themselves behind closed doors

and windows, crossed themselves and prayed, while making a last desperate count of their loved ones to make sure everyone was present and safely inside.

He never failed to appear and always succeeded in striking terror into the hearts of the villagers. This was the tale and this was the mysterious character we were after.

If everything worked out all right, we would show the people that the fear they had been nursing for so long was based on hallucinations and not on facts.

Included in our equipment — such as electrical outlets, tape recorders, hypersensitive microphones — we also had a couple of cameras equipped with infra-red lenses to enable us to take pictures in the dark without flashlights. The cameras could be used by remote control, which enabled my partner to operate the sound-recording equipment. Therefore, with all the technical help available, I was more than optimistic, (I was dead certain) that whoever was behind this "hoax" would undoubtedly be discovered. (Not for a single minute did we consider the remote possibility that the story might be true.) Rather, we worked on two distinct possibilities. One, there might be someone who for some sadistic reason enjoyed scaring the people. The second: the whole thing would turn out to be nothing but superstitious imagination on the part of the villagers. Whatever it was, we had to find out and report right away.

From the inn's spacious windows we enjoyed an excellent view of the small, beautiful hamlet. The winding, dusty road, surrounded with tall trees, cut the village in half, separating two lines of white-walled houses. Almost every house contained small windows, colourfully painted fences and large wooden gates.

There was no trace of disturbance on the faces of the villagers, no sign of fear in their behaviour. Even the high-flying pigeons — small, white spots against the azure-blue of the horizon, lent a helping hand to the picture of complete peace and tranquility as the village lay lazily and content in the hot caressing rays of the mid-summer sun.

In that relaxing atmosphere I found it hard to think about our mission. So did my friend. And even the castle high up on a rocky cliff seemed more like a pile of useless, dusty stones rather than the birthplace of horror and mystery. It seemed to me that it made the surroundings look dignified. We were soon to know better!

A little after ten that night we were ready to record and photograph any unusual occurrence. By that



time there was no sign of life anywhere with the exception of an occasional bark among the neighbourhood dogs; the village slowly disappeared in a thick cloud of darkness.

Suddenly, without warning, a grayish-looking light illuminated the whole village! The moon rose behind the cliff, large and full, casting light and shadows over the quiet valley. As if all the dogs in the valley had been awaiting that cold, majestic moon, had been waiting for this moment, they broke into barking, wailing serenade; they voiced their love for the strange silver ball over the cliff, using their own coarse language and, needless to say, the full capacity of their lungs. After a few moments our eardrums became accustomed to the sounds around us. At least we were assured by the racket that there existed a noisy but real life about us.

We spent the next minutes talking and smoking, pondering the possible result of our mission. Then like someone who wakes up sweating from a horrible nightmare, I, too, felt a sudden change in my nervous system...without realizing what that particular change had been. Cold perspiration ran down my back inducing shivers of the uncontrollable kind like a light breeze touching and disturbing the mirror-smooth surface of a quiet lake, contracting and twisting my suddenly sensitive nerves. It was as if I was in a dark room feeling the presence of another something that should not be there, without even being certain it was there.

Could it be sub-conscious fear breaking through the well-disciplined pattern of conscious thoughts? Whatever it was I saw the reflection of the same thing in my partner's eyes...wide open and staring into nothingness.

It could have been the atmosphere as we fell between its changing moods while it changed from a peaceful existence into something unexplainable. something mysterious right before us.

As the seconds and minutes passed away, we finally realized that the change we felt was the sudden and complete silence. Nothing could be so terrifying — so total — and at the same time so empty. It was unexpected silence in which life and time was suspended and arrested for the time being. In that moment we realized how small we were, and just how little we knew about anything.

The gates and windows of every house were tightly shut, while inside the houses people were lying wide awake for the slow striking of the clock in the steeple...the signal of the horror-filled hour of midnight.

As the full moon hung over the horizon, bathing the rocky landscape with its silvery, cold carressing rays, all eyes were turned to the rocky cliff—the birthplace of all their fears and apprehensions—now completely different with its moonlit towers and misty, old walls.

When the clock in the steeple struck the hour, we looked and waited, equipment ready. If I say that upon the sudden wailing cry of the bloodhounds my nerves jumped, it would only be half the truth! My

heart skipped a couple of beats. I cannot describe the sound...I cannot even explain it. One could only feel it in his nerves, in the knots in his stomach. The whole village seemed to be trembling under the unearthly sound, while my eardrums seemed to be vibrating close to their breaking point.

"Take it easy, old boy, you are only hearing things," I assured myself. I glanced at my partner and noticed that his pale face showed the same strain while taking part in the strange experience.

For the next few minutes I busily exposed all the film in both of the cameras — thirty-five pairs of pictures in all — in the hope that what my eyes told me, and the sound in my ears registered, would be properly recorded and preserved for my employers to note and ponder over. We saw the black carriage, the hounds, and the tall, black figure of the Count sitting there applying the whip to the flying horses. They drove through the village twice, making the deadliest racket human ears have ever absorbed.

It was the coach that gave me the greatest shock. It was a model from the sixteenth century and I knew there was only one of its kind in existence and that was in the museum of history and art.

Was the whole thing only a nightmare? My mind told me that it was. Who had ever seen such dogs? According to statistics there were none like these in the whole country, in the whole world! I hoped that the pictures we took would supply the answer for us. In the meantime, we were stunned and frightened of this thing that touched us like a cold breeze of mystery from the dead past. According to written accounts this same thing existed hundreds of years ago. Now we were seeing and hearing it just as it was described by one of our ancestors. What was the explanation?

When the night was silent again, and the echoes in our eardrums settled down, we developed the pictures. Imagine our shock and surprise when each film came out of the developing liquid a complete blank! There was no coach, no Count, no dogs on any of them! There was only the silhouette of the sleeping village. We checked our equipment, then double-checked it. Everything had been correct. The infra-red lenses worked perfectly; every detail of the village and surrounding area was sharp and clear...but no coach. You cannot photograph illusions, or hallucinations. We know that. But was it that? If an hallucination gives the same terrifying effect hundreds of years later, then what is the truth?

Next morning we questioned some of the villagers. Everyone we talked to had seen the same thing exactly the same way. There was only one thing for us to do...file the report.

The end of the report stated:

"We are convinced this tale is based on hallucinations and could have existed only in the minds of those who believe in evil and the supernatural; these hallucinations, producing fear, have been inherited from past generations and are real only to those who live in the surrounding area."

# Speaking on Sports

By Mike Hodgson



**Our Photographer's Finger**

The Joyceville Jets wound up their season in the Frontenac County League on August 4/66 with 12 wins and 4 losses for 24 points. Two of these losses were accounted for by one default and one game conceded. The team is still together and will play several exhibition games including the annual Congress. The Jets have lost the services of Fred (Pappy) McVeigh through expiration of his visa, but Billy Alberts fills in nicely. The managers of the other teams in the league commented that Pappy was the best short-stop in the league. Don (Golden-Arm) Geauvreau has been the star pitcher all season with some exciting wins and a few losses not his doing. Don went into one game against Verona in relief with an overwhelming job of trying to bring the Jets out of a 9-0 deficit. He did a magnificent job and the Jets eventually won 11-9.

Many more individual performances rate but we must forego this or I'd have to write a book. The Jets' final batting averages are as follows:

B. Thompson	.444
J. Armour	.412
B. Phillips	.364
F. McVeigh	.359
E. Roach	.323
L. Anderson	.300
K. McLean	.285
D. Johnstone	.285
S. Lawrence	.277
A. Hann	.273
P. Phillipoff	.255
D. Geauvreau	.243
J. Hudson	.241
F. Norton	.224
B. Alberts	.205
B. Gwizd	.176







Should the Jets join the League again next year, we wish them as good a team and more luck (which was a big factor in a lot of the games).

In the institution we have six teams divided into a Major and Minor League. The first three months showed little in the way of sportsmanship and skill, but this seems to be righting itself. Arguments and defaulted games (for an assortment of reasons) were the rule and spectators ceased attending the games because of this. However, one game in particular helped to rejuvenate baseball's popularity here, a Major game between the Diamonds and the Cubs. There were no beefs and they all played good, hard ball. Many an outstanding play was made like the double-play that Jack Jolly of the Diamonds made when he caught a ball bare handed while falling, then from a kneeling position made a perfect throw to first that caught the runner off the bag. Bob Eby jumped high and to his right to make a catch that had it got by, would have scored a run and won the game for the Cubs. Phil Phillipoff stood up to two hard charges into home and tagged them all. Ron Riley continued to play for the Cubs despite a cut over his eye and showed good staying power. The game was tied 1-1 after ten innings but went to the Diamonds by a score of 2-1 in the 11th. More of this type of ball would certainly be the lift that the sports need.

The Yankees lead the Major League as of August 7th with 24 points, the Cubs are in second place with 20 points, while the Diamonds are third with 16 points. Anything can happen though, and with the constant change of players, it probably will.

Top Ten Batters in the majors are:

Anderson	.513	Yank.
Armour	.480	Cubs
Phillips	.365	Yank.
Paquette	.353	Yank.
Coe	.345	Dia.
Hann	.342	Cubs
McLean	.341	Yank.
Phillipoff	.333	Dia.
Roney	.327	Cubs
Alberts	.319	Cubs

Last month the White Sox dominated the Minor League, but since then it has become a closer affair. The Leafs now lead the League with 25 points, White Sox are second with 22 points, and the Twins are way behind with only 13 points. The scores in these games are usually astronomical, but fun to watch and a source of much pleasure for the players. Top Ten Batters are:

Doakis	.516	Twins
Palneau	.500	Leafs
Bouge	.390	Leafs
MacDonnell	.379	Twins
Pettit	.369	Sox
Sharpiro	.360	Twins
Myers	.365	Leafs
Kneifel	.353	Sox
Hope	.339	Leafs
Kelley	.322	Leafs

# FIELD

# DAY

# 66

## SPEAKING ON SPORTS

Our annual Field Day was held here August 1st. The athlete's who participated enjoyed themselves and were justly rewarded (at our expense). There were none of the traditional booths (clip-joints) and no novelties whatever. Hot-dogs and Kool-Aid were available to all. Here are the results of all the events:

100 yd. Dash	Anderson Huppe Riley Anderson
High Jump	Riley Huppe Dufresne
Shot Put	Sweet Griffith Armour
Base-Running	Anderson Huppe Anderson
Broad Jump	Huppe Phillips Anderson
220 yd. Dash	Huppe Lawrence Lawrence
Mile Race	Dupuis Dufresne Sweet
Ball Throw (Accuracy)	Armour Anderson Constantine
Ball Throw (Distance)	Morton Beaulah Morton
Old Man's Race	Stern Young Larche
Fat Man's Race	Roy Mulligan Riley
Obstacle Race	Hudson Dupuis Young
Walking Race	Staley Calder LeBreton
Greasy Pole Climb	Hudson McDermot Lavergne
Twist Contest	Larche McLean
Sack Race	Riley

(1st Team) Armour, Larche, Phillips, Shreve.

(1st) Chucky & Mackey	880 Yard Relay Race
(2nd) Riley & Fisher	3-Legged Race
(1st) Armour & Shreve	Wheelbarrow Race
(2nd) Anderson & Huppe	Piggy-Back Race
(1st) Riley & Fisher	Battle Royal
(2nd) Larche & Durochers	Tug-O-War
(1st) Riley & Fisher	
(2nd) McGann & Breault	
(1st) Hooker's Team	



Three points were scored for a win, two for a second, and one for a third place finish.

Athlete of the Day .... Andy Anderson .... 17 pts  
 Runner-Up ..... Ron Riley ..... 16 pts  
 Third ..... Gerry Huppe .... 10 pts

And so it all went. The first Monday in August of 1967 will see our next Field Day, let's hope for more population participation.







After watching the annual College All-Star football game, one wonders if Donny Anderson is worth the \$650,000 that the Green Bay Packers paid for him All-Stars lost 45-0 to the Packers.

**Did you know:** That the odds against scoring a hole-in-one at golf are 8,606 to 1.

# S P O R T S S H O R T S

That James J. Jefferies, who held the Heavyweight boxing title from 1899 to 1905, abandoned the title in 1905 and named Marvin Hart and Jack Root as logical contenders. Hart won the fight in 12 rounds while Jefferies refereed it. Tommy Burns won the title from Hart and was in turn defeated by Jack Johnson. Johnson clinched the title when he beat Jeffries in 1910 in an attempted comeback.

That a Canadian horse, Northern Dancer, holds the record for the Kentucky Derby; 2 minutes flat for one and a quarter miles.

That the longest ball game played in the Major League was played on May 1st 1920 in Boston. The game between the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Boston Red Sox went 26 innings and was eventually called on account of darkness with the score tied 1-1.

That's about all there is to report for now, so I'll leave you with Max Jackson's immortal (but anomalous) phrase; "If you don't play a sport, be one."

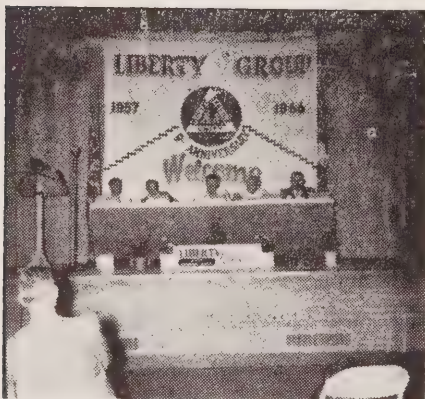
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**Our Photographer's Finger... Again**

# A. A.

by Bill K.



I am Bill. As I look back over the years and months of my present confinement, I cannot remember one day's passing in which parts of my past and the outlook on tomorrow do not parade through my mind.

So many times I have been asked: "Do you know life is an endless failure?" "Yes," is my answer. And a capital "Y" my weakness for running from the past.

I can remember the many times when all I wanted to do was sit in the bars and drink my life away — but being sure to tell the others and myself how wholesome but misunderstood I was.

My first contact with A.A. came in this prison in the first month of 1962. When I was sentenced, I knew that I must do something or my life would never be worth anything, and if this was to be true, I had much better be dead. I know this false pride of mine did not permit me the humility necessary to seek out A.A. and attend on my own. The credit, I must give to my Higher Power, because after the first meeting, I was convinced that I was no alcoholic, nevertheless, some unseen force persisted in drawing me back to the meetings and I continued to attend, although grudgingly.

Time passed, and occasionally at meetings I would read the steps or traditions without admitting that I was an alcoholic. Once this was over, I would return to my seat in the back row. Four months passed into five, and my sixth was drawing near when I found myself dropping down into a seat in the second row from the front.

One Wednesday night we had been looking forward to outside visitors and as our meeting got underway, I had my awakening in A.A., because out of the blue I was called upon to talk, my first

talk in this wonderful program.

To those of you who have never stood before a court and had a judge translate your future into time, it is hard to explain the feelings one experiences as the sentence is passed. At first you feel cold but you are sweating; you feel as though your blood has drained away, but yet the next moment you are flushed with hypertension.

This night, as I was called on to speak, I had the same feelings. My time was up, I was or I was not an alcoholic. As I stood before our Liberty Group, with each second seeming endless, I finally blurted out: "My name is Bill K. and I am an alcoholic." Once I had admitted what I knew in my heart to be true, my feelings returned to normal: the cold, the sweating disappeared, my blood pressure seemed to simmer down and the ordeal was over. After thirty minutes of passing along the story of my drinking career, with shaky knees I fell into the first seat in the first row.

Unfortunately for me, after three months my ego became badly enlarged and I began missing meetings, occasionally due to work. However, excuses were easily come by: to tired or else someone was becoming a bore and beginning to preach as my botched-up thinking called it. To the alcoholic it is needless to say more. The answer is obvious.

After dropping out of A.A., it was inevitable that I should end up back in prison. In the past, adversity meant failure. The turn of fate which returned me to this institution has had its compensations. During the three years that I have been attending meetings I believe I have finally learned a very important truth — that I cannot be free without this program. To me the program is a foundation on which to reconstruct my life on a solid rock of honesty, decency and contented sobriety through service to my fellow-men.

Some time within the next year, I will once more pass through the doors to the outside world and I trust to a true freedom. I have come to realize that my sobriety comes before everything — my wife, my job, my home. Without sobriety, I will have nothing and thus I would be unable to give my wife the love and affection and the many other little things that should be hers and by the Grace of God shall be as my life through my Higher Power and the A.A. fellowship remains manageable.

Somewhere out of the past, long forgotten words come tumbling back to mind: "Great is the man who refrains from wine, but for the man who fails but still fights, lo, he is a twin brother of mine." The author, I have forgotten, but the words, I never shall.

First things first means that, above all else, my sobriety takes top priority. In this respect, I must persevere and all other blessings will follow in their own good time. To my Higher Power whom I choose to call God, I am thankful for the knowledge of the wonderful fellowship of Alcoholics Anonymous and for the love and loyalty of a patient and devoted wife.



# Nightkeeper's Report

*Excerpts from the Nightkeeper's Journal at Southern Michigan in 1887. Reprinted from the Spectator, Jackson, Michigan.*

JANUARY 21 — Nothing untoward occurred throughout the watch tonight. The convicts were driven to bed early, and the guards were wide awake on their posts.

JANUARY 22 — The overstuffed convict, No. 2882, (with the hard-to-spell and equally hard-to-pronounce Greek name) the one the other convicts call "Jumbo" because of his size, has moaned and groaned much of the night. He keeps going over an unpleasantness he experienced when in the freeworld. It seems, from his ramblings, that he owned a small restaurant, and that a crook, posing as a food inspector, got a line on the workings of "Jumbo's" eatery, then went out and sold the restaurant out from under "Jumbo". When Jumbo was raving the loudest the doctor, who was spending the night in the hospital, came into the West Wing. Asked what he was doing prowling around at that hour the doctor said, "I was driven out by those damned bed bugs." I was tempted to counter with a remark, but thought better of it. The doctor gave "Jumbo" a drink of foul smelling liquid, and the big ox dropped off to sleep as if hit by our present heavy-weight boxing champion, John L. Sullivan.

JANUARY 23 — Guard Baird reported No. 2749, Harrigan, for "whistling and insolence." I chalked the convict in his cell, but the whistling continued, I placed tape across his lips, and the whistling continued. Then we moved him out of the cell house to the Cooler, and the whistling continued. Finally, Guard Dropo caught convict No. 2880, Maley, whistling. In fact, he boasted about fooling us. So we let Harrigan out of the Cooler, put Maley in his place, returned to the Wing, only to hear the same whistler showing off. We are alerting all officers to catch this bird.

JANUARY 24 — All the convicts in the West Wing simulatenously sang in chorus, to drown out the noise made by convict Chamberlin, the looney crank who, for no reason at all, bangs away on his cell bars with his night bucket. Then the East Wing took up the songfest.

Both Wings joined in singing "The Escape of Old John Webb." First the West Wing would sing "Billy broke locks, and Billy broke bolts," and the East Wing would chime in, strongly "And Billy broke all that he came nigh," and then Chamberlin would bang away with his night bucket.

Finally, Guard Wilkins stopped the performance by taking Chamberlin out of his cell and to the Cooler where Guards Wilkins and Masterson put the bat to the convicts bottom — ten strokes with the promise often more if he cut loose again.

JANUARY 25 — When I came on duty I felt you had done the fair thing by returning Chamberlin to his cell today. But he seems to have taken a page

out of the performance of both Wings, for tonight, about nine, Chamberlin stood at his cell door and in his deep bass voice sang, "The Red, White and Blue."

He was enthusiastically applauded by the convicts of both Wings for his rendition — but he resorted to his own words, now and then, and some of them were foul language. Between the guard force and myself, we chalked 32 convicts in their cells. The Engine Room detail is hardest hit, every last one won't be available for work until you pass on this motley crew, tomorrow.

JANUARY 26 — The prison has been quiet tonight, dead as a Barrow's Point Mackerel.

So quiet a guard or two was seen to doze off. Correction: I made this report too quickly. Convict Braham, No. 3104, the one who makes such outlandish Indian warhoop sounds just cut loose. I'll go see what his trouble is, this time.

Well, Braham had a good reason. As you know, and as the convicts know, Braham fears cats. And it seems somebody put two Tom cats in Braham's cell, their tails tied together, so they pulled one way and then the other, spit at the convict who was trying his best to both scream and break out of his cell.

Finally, both Toms jumped the convict at the same time, their tails still tied, and you will have to look at the convict to see the job the cat's claws did.

I've chalked Braham in his cell, bandages and all; and Guard Baird cut the Tom cats loose and put them out a window.

JANUARY 27 — The Sheriff of Van Buren County delivered a convict here at four this morning. They both smelled strongly of liquor.

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## FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

The commissar presiding over the court glared down at the first defendant. "What is the charge?" he growled to the prosecutor.

"His factory showed a profit."

"Five years for exploiting the masses. Now what is the next man's crime?"

"His factory showed a loss."

"Ten years for robbing the State." the commissar thundered. "And the next?"

"His factory broke even."

The commissar pondered a moment. Then his face brightened. "Fifteen years for delaying the course of Soviet justice."

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# Trucker's Stop

*By Brian E. Ferguson*

Somewhere along the Trans-Canada Highway as it unrolls across the western plains, between two cities, is the junction of a route north into flat farm lands. Just east of the turn-off stands a restaurant. A squat ugly building of stucco and plate glass, it rests on an oasis of asphalt and gravel in the endless Sahara of grain country. To the passing motorist, it is, by appearance, no different from a thousand other cafes strung across the continent.

If you were to travel past at any hour of day or night, it is quite likely that you would spot one or two heavy transport vehicles parked nearby. At certain times, depending on what hour what trucks leave what cities, you might see a dozen or more of these titans of the highways huddled around this unlikely Mecca. For the restaurant is, in the lingo of the road, a truckers' stop. The haven of food, coffee, conversation and rest for the men who captain the massive vehicles from city to city.

Three hundred feet further west, the other side of the junction is another oasis of sorts. This is a much smaller one — a patch of gravel beside a sign that tells you the distance to the next city. No captains pause here. This is the haven for the scruff of the road — the hitch-hiker.

And in passing, no matter when, day or night, winter or summer, sun rain or snow, you are likely to see someone waiting there, thumb out, face hopeful. As you draw close, chances are that the thought will strike you that the figure there is just a kid. A little boy grown large, nothing more. Then you look closer. You notice how dirty he is - the rip in his sleeve - the tired frustrated look on his face. For a fleeting moment you consider stopping. Then you look a little closer and now you can see the look of frantic desperation that flashes into the eyes and you don't even bother to slow down. After all, you reason, look at all the people who have been robbed and killed by hitchhikers. Besides, you're thinking of stopping in the city and he probably needs a longer ride than that.

So you keep on driving and he keeps on waiting there until sooner or later (usually later - much later), someone does stop and then the little oasis by the sign is deserted once more. But not for long. In a short while a car takes the turn north and stops. A tired figure stumbles out and trudges to the obvious place.

Shivering, he sets his small bag down and huddles close to the sign. A mid-October wind is blowing, and as sunset nears, the chill becomes biting. A car comes swiftly from the gathering night. He straightens up,

forces a smile to his face. Blindly, it roars by scattering dust and pebbles in its wake. His face twists in angry disappointment. A brief time later, another car. It to passes. And another. Many others. The darkness hovers, the wind blows bitter, and autumn rains begin to pelt down.

Shivering, tears now, blending with the raindrops on his face, he looks over at the truckers stop for the hundredth time. A heaven of glowing lights in the wet abyss of the night. His hand works its way into the pocket of his water logged jeans. He fingers a few coins. Indecision. Food now, or a warm bed tonight — or tomorrow night, whenever he reaches the city. A bus blasts by splattering him with muddy ice-water and whipping him in its draft. He starts to shiver even more violently. A decision - he picks up his bag and slowly sloshes his way down the road towards the flickering glow.....

In wailing gusts the wind blew the night rain against the windows of the cafe. In the dimness of the indirect lighting, the empty dining-room had an almost sepulchric atmosphere. The cook, who was casually dozing at the food bar looked up at the clock on the wall behind the counter. It was two thirty a.m.; still three quarters of an hour before the roar of the big diesels would announce the start of the night's big rush.

With a heavy yawn, the tired man swung his eyes along the empty counter and across the back of the room to the rear booth where the kid was still snoring softly over his folded arms.

"Joe" he said to himself with a mental sneer, "you're getting softer everyday. Just because it's night time and there's a little rain coming down, you break one of your strictest rules and let a punk crash out in the dining room. Next thing you know, every bum on the highway is going to be stopping in here, bugging the truck drivers and searing off all the business it took so long to build up."

He shook his head wearily and got up to go around the end of the counter to switch the grill back on.

It had taken him a long time to scrape up the money for the down payment on this place, and after all the work he'd put on it, fixing it up and making improvements to draw in the profitable business of the long haul truck drivers, he had set rules for the staff that hitchhikers were served and then rushed right off the premises. Nothing soured the drivers more than being bothered all through a meal by some bum trying to con a ride. Not that they didn't want to give the rides, but under pressure from the insurance com-



panies the trucking firms clamped down and put a strict taboo on unauthorized riders. The upshot was that any restaurant that allowed the hitchhikers to pester the drivers was soon avoided like poison.

As he polished the coffee urn, Joe gave a snort of laughter. The kid was pretty green. He could spot that the minute he tried to put the bite on him for a little extra for his money. The con-shot was so old, it was almost like new.....

When the kid had come up to the counter, after dripping in through the door like a drowned puppy, he picked up the menu looked it over even before he had seated himself. A sure sign that he had less than a buck in his pocket. Suddenly, after a couple of minutes hesitation, he had mounted the stool and asked for a cup of coffee.

As Joe was pouring the dark brown liquid, the kid cleared his throat a trifle too nervously.

"Say, mister," he hesitated, "how much would it cost me for a slice of bread and butter?" Joe shot him a sharp sarcastic glance. The kid blurted on, "I'd order something more, but I haven't got too much money and I haven't eaten anything for three days. Please mister. I've got fifteen cents and I'll pay that for a slice of bread and a cup of coffee."

"Look punk, the small effort of buttering the bread is worth more than the nickle. What the hell do you think this is? Some goddam soup line kitchen?"

I'm sorry mister. I didn't realize that. Look," he pulled a dime, a nickle, and a penny out of his pocket. "Would this be enough to pay for it?"

Joe started to snarl at the kid to beat it and then something of the look on the dirty tired face struck a soft chord somewhere. Angry at himself for the flash of momentary weakness, he turned with an abrupt motion and slammed two slices of bread into the toaster.

"Tell you what," he said, "I've got some dinner soup left over. I'll give you that and a couple of slices of toast for your money. Then, when you're all finished, beat it out of here and don't come back, OK?"

The kid sniffed in agreement.

As he was hungrily gulping down the soup, Joe looked him over. "Hell," he thought to himself, "the punk can't be any more than about fifteen or sixteen. Young enough to be my own kid if I had one. Probably just run away from home and still green and scared stiff."

The rising wind angrily slammed a torrent of rain against the sheet of plate glass at the front.

"What the hell am I turning into?" He asked himself. "Rules or no rules! What kind of pig would send a kid out on a night like this?"

He turned toward the kid. "Look, it's against my better judgement but if you want, you can go to sleep in that back booth until the rain lets up a bit. But, one thing I want to get straight with you here and now. In a couple of hours, there's going to be a lot of trucks pull in here and your going to come up with the bright idea of asking one of the drivers to

give you a ride. Well, that's one thing I won't stand for. They're my bread and butter and I don't want anything to give them the idea that they can't come in here and have a meal without being bugged by some bum - get me?"

The kid nodded in understanding.

"OK punk, you can go back there and sleep as long as you read me loud and clear. Remember though, one word to any of the truck drivers and I'll break your grubby little neck."

"So," Joe thought to himself hours later as he finished polishing the urn, "there he is. I must be getting old and soft in the head!".....

The kid stirred fitfully and moved his head on his arms. The smell of fried food that was impregnated into the very walls of the cafe kept him from falling into a really deep sleep. He was hungry. Oh God he was hungry! When was the last time he had a real good meal? Not just soup and toast or a hamburger and chips, but a real meal like mom used to make when she had a mind to. Or wasn't too drunk to be able to.

Mom, he thought. What was she doing now? Sleeping of course! Or was she? Maybe she was lying awake - worrying about him.

For a fleeting moment he was filled with a flood of regret and homesickness. Then he pushed it away.

No damn it. They probably don't even remember me, he told himself. They didn't care about me while I was there, why should they start now.

He thought of all the long lonely evenings since he was too old for a baby sitter when he was left alone while his father "worked overtime" and his mother went bowling or something with the "girls"! What had been the use of him staying around? He might as well do just what he was doing - go out into the world and make a life of his own!

Make a life of his own! He got a laugh out of that! So far all he had done was drift from one city to the next, sleeping at the Salvation Army and trying to get a job. A job! That shot! What a difference it would make if he could get one! But who would give him a job. All they did was ask him how old he was and how much experience and then say "I'm sorry!"

Well, he had a small chance now if he could get to the city before noon tomorrow. The letter the minister in the small town had given him to show the man in the department store wasn't a guarantee for a job, but it was a chance. But then again, even if he did get the job, what was he going to do for a place to stay and something to eat until he got his first pay? Maybe he would have to end up going to the bus depot again like he did in that last city after he talked to that other kid. He blushed at the memory. The thought of the whole thing made him feel sick and dirty. Sure it was an easy way to make money, but the thought of what that old man did to him in that dirty hotel room was something that he never wanted to go through again.

Suddenly the thought of the meal that he'd had afterwards tightened his stomach. Even then he reasoned, it wasn't worth it. He'd rather go hungry. The

man behind the counter put some steaks on the grill, and the smell of the sizzling meat drove a stab of hunger deep into him.

Turning the singed steaks, Joe too felt a pang as he thought back to the hungry times he'd spent smelling the food that other people were going to eat while he went hungry on a bowl of soup and a slice of toast. Sure, he'd spent his time bumming around the country with nothing to his name but the clothes on his back and a buck or so in change in his pocket. But there was an excuse for it then, in those days called the dirty thirties. Half the guys in the country were on the bum in those days. But there was no excuse for it nowadays. There were jobs to be had. That is if a guy wanted to get off his ass and do a little bit of hard work instead of living off the welfare and the soup lines. But just the same, hungry or not, those were the days. Roaming around the countryside without a care in the world except a place to sleep for the night and something to eat. Sure it was a pretty rough life at times, but there was something about it that still pulled at him even today. Many a night he had sat worrying over his payments and had been forced to fight the urge to toss it all up and follow that old white line into the country beyond. Maybe that's the real reason he was so hard on the hitchhikers who dropped in daily. It wasn't just the annoyance to the truckers, he was scared stiff of what would happen if he got too involved with these guys and started talking over old times with them. He was too damn impulsive and he knew it. What he feared was that the day would come that he would get disgusted, and if his thoughts were on the road, he'd throw everything to the winds and away he'd go. That's it, he thought. The restaurant isn't a strong enough tie in itself. He should get married. But to who? Maybe Meg! She was single and God knows after working together for three years they knew each other well enough by now. It was an idea, maybe they could even start to raise a family. But was it a good idea? What if they got married and he took off anyway?

Just then he heard the hissing and grinding as the first of the trucks pulled onto the lot.

As the door opened and two rain splashed figures entered with a blast of damp wind, the kid sat up, startled. Joe shot him a sharp glance as if to remind him of the conditions he'd set. Suddenly a decision burst into the man's mind. "What the hell," he thought I'm crazy I guess, but why not. Maybe if I do something like this, it will help me get a lot out of my system." He walked over to take the orders from the men who had seated themselves at the counter as the tell-tale sounds of more trucks hissed and groaned from the night outside.....

Later, after the voice torn rush was over and there were just a few of the driver's left sipping the last of their coffee, Joe walked over to the figure that was sitting alone at the end of the counter. After a few minutes of hushed conversation in which they both looked over at the kid a couple of times, the other nodded and Joe approached the rear booth. He

sat down opposite the sleeping form and shook him awake.

"Look punk, this is way out of my line, but I've already broken a couple of the rules tonight, so I guess it won't make any difference, I've fixed up a ride into the city for you but first, I want to give you a couple of tips. When you get there, get yourself a job. This is no life for a youngster. Once you get started on it, you can never get off that road again no matter what you do. Oh sure, you can make a few stabs at it and even get married and start a family. But you'll never be the same as the guy in the house next door. You'll have had a taste of the freedom that's the life on the open road and no matter what, it'll always be there waiting for you, calling you back. This may sound screwy, but it's something that gets into your system that you can never get out. As I said, you'll be going along good, and then all of a sudden, Bang! the carpet is pulled out from under your feet and your out there beneath that open sky with your home in a bag in one hand and a stiff thumb in the other. So look, take it from me, get a job and settle down before it's too late and you're hooked for life."

The kid looked at him and nodded in agreement. Joe rose, and without another word, went behind the counter and picked up a bag. As the drivers got up and moved toward the cash register, Joe hurried over to take the money.

When the last driver had left, he beckoned the kid over.

"Look," he began, handing him the brown paper bag, "here's a couple of sandwiches to tide you over until you reach the city. Your ride will be in the big red van. Now beat it and remember what I said, get yourself a job and make up your mind to stick to it before it's too late."

As the kid started out the door, he paused and then turned back to Joe, holding out his hand. "Thanks," he said, "I'm going to do exactly what you said. And if I can't get a job in a week, I'm heading back home to return to school."

Joe grinned and shook his hand. "Now you're talking kid."

As the truck pulled off the lot, Joe stood at the window of the cafe, staring out into the night. "Good luck kid," his voice sounded hollow in the empty room, "I hate to say it, but I wish I was going with you!"

The truck hummed down the rain swept highway. Tearing his eyes from the hypnotic wash of the windshield wipers, the kid opened the bag. His heart jumped as he looked in. There sitting on top of the wax paper was a twenty dollar bill. He knew he would all right now. He just had to get that job. Everything was going right for him. He'd get a room, and he'd work real hard, and some day when he had a car and was going home for Christmas or something, he'd stop in at the same place and show the man that he wasn't wrong to help him out.

His stomach comfortably nursing two ham sandwiches, the kid put his head against the back of the



seat and let the swish of the wipers, and the hum of the tires, and the hiss of the rain, sing him to sleep, while the horizon ahead started to glow with the pulsing lights of the city.

*Back at the corner, a car pulls onto the lot alongside the cafe. A weary figure stumbles out. Carrying a battered suitcase he staggers towards the sign down the highway. As another car shines its headlights on him, he forces a smile to his face and holds out his thumb*

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### TORTURED SPELLINGS

Some freshmen, on entering a college or university, are sometimes asked to list their choice of endeavour. These were some of their preferences.

Sailorman. Sicology. Treacher. Engeening. Languist. Archtaet.

One wrote that he was undesided.

And another, apparently interested in penology, chose his vocation, correctionions.

Sounds more like a fruit peddler.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Sweden's New Prisons

*Lotta Dempsey  
Toronto Daily Star*

The trouble is, not enough people have been in a prison.

It's very difficult to visualize, to feel, the atmosphere of a jail cell on a stinking summer day...unless you've had experience.

I've been in a few, including the Women's Penitentiary at Kingston and the Mercer reformatory here. The sense of confinement in itself is stifling, in any forced incarceration. Add to that the fact most inmates are said to be disturbed people anyway. Then pour on sickening physical heat and you've got the making of a riot.

I know the minute you talk about amenities for prisoners somebody starts to shout "coddling!"

However you feel about it, you might be interested in some of Sweden's new prisons...and I hasten to add that some Swedes, too, are "enraged" at the college dormitory and hotel room atmosphere.

But the prevailing view among Swedish experts, says an article in the Scandinavian Times of May-June, is that the old fashioned prison is obsolete. "It's all a question, they say, of what you want a prison to be a place where you punish criminals, robbing them of human dignity and making them outcasts; or a place where the very environment and atmosphere may persuade a convict that society is not necessarily his sworn enemy."

In Kulma, in central Sweden, the newest prison has technical gadgets like electronic locks, closed-circuit television for surveillance, photocells to sound alarms and unbreakable glass. These have replaced

iron bars and high walls.

"Prisoners are given the keys to their own cell doors and live in 'rooms' with large windows, a radio and a bulletin board for family photos (or nudes)." the article goes on.

Here they may receive wives or girl friends in privacy. Some of my younger friends who have related the traumatic experiences of being thrown into reform institutions with perverts, please note:

"A social segregation system prevents homosexual criminals from banding together or negatively influencing fellow prisoners."

Inmates who behave well get regular holidays at home. Sure, some don't come back. But on the whole it is shown motives for outright escape have been reduced.

Tillberga prison is the first of six being built in factory areas where prisoners will work like anybody else in regular enterprises paying market wages and operating for profit. Incidentally, inmates of these new centres are called "the clientele" (men) and just "girls" for women. Perhaps the most lavish prison of all is a 150-year-old castle near Orebro in Central Sweden called Hinesberg. The best Scandinavian desinging has been blended with the old neo-classical building. It has been found that vandalism barely exists here, and one girl is quoted as saying "It's all too beautiful to think of destroying it. I simply didn't realize life could be like this."

There are attractive private rooms here, day lounges with TV, hobby rooms, concerts, lectures, interesting work to be done and a park to walk in with a view of forest and blue water.

Sweden may be a long way out front...or off sides, from the Canadian point of view...in its view that imprisonment is for rehabilitation, not revenge. But I'll tell you what.

If the Rev. Martin Luther King and other Negro leaders in the Civil Rights Movement in the United States ever get a few of the more urgent matters of the day off their minds, they could be a help.

For there are many Negro intellectuals of good character and high integrity (from most of the world's point of view) who have been in and out of prison for many years of their lives.

I was surprised to learn in conversation with several, during a visit to Atlanta, Georgia, they receive none of the amenities of so called "political" prisoners: they've had all the rats and bed bugs and steamy heat and lousy food of the run-of-the-job prisoner. Reforms? They might have ideas.

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### WORDS OF WISDOM?

Washington (UPI) - Senator Robert Byrd has a suggestion for any police officer who may have trouble arresting a criminal suspect: "Put a bullet in his brain."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Is it possible the Senator is in the unenviable position of being biologically deficient in respect to a cranial tenant?

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# A MATTER OF SANGUINARY CO-OPERATION

The city of Kingston uses about nine thousand pints of blood per year. The civilian population contributes about two thousand pints. The prisons contribute twenty-two hundred pints. The balance is made up from the army and nearby towns.

The penitentiaries also act as the emergency reserve bank for the Red Cross; if twenty or thirty pints are required, some workers are sent to the jail to pick it up.

Sixty percent of the Joyceville Institution inmates contribute blood. For this he is usually given a package of tobacco, coffee with cookies, cokes, and about an hour of leisure. At this particular seminar however, for whatever the reasons may have been, refreshments were sharply limited, probably due to an abrupt curtailment of recuperation time after the donation.

Because of the rapid flow in the morning, the Red Cross Director, Mr. Basil Keane was confident of a record three hundred and fifty pints. The average for Joyceville is three hundred and twenty pints. But unfortunately, word spreads quickly in a jail, and when the limitations were voiced, many donors got only as far as the gym door, and turned back without giving blood. The total was a disappointing three hundred pints. Gratifying of course, but nevertheless well below expectations, and current emergency needs.

Mr. Keane, who organizes the Red Cross drive on a voluntary basis, intimated they seek to entice volunteers to give blood within the auspices of their charter. This is obviously as far as they can go. He was aware that many of the American penitentiaries allow from five to twelve days good time, but this allowance does not fall within his province or jurisdiction.

When asked why he gives blood, the usual bland reply from the inmate was, "To save a life." "For humanitarian reasons." "It makes me feel good inside." And they were, in the great majority, sincere. Positively, unequivocally sincere.

But how about the other two hundred inmates who didn't give? We are not all, unfortunately, tinged with the aura of altruistic selflessness. Many of us are selfish to some degree. Even some, I suspect, of those who willingly gave.

About twenty were queried who didn't donate. "Would you have given blood if you were granted the

same compensations as those permitted in American penitentiaries?" Well, you've heard of instant coffee and instant mashed potatoes. The process of producing the end product of either could be compared to an extremely slow process of fermentation when set alongside the instant "Yes" recorded in answer to the above question.

This could mean an additional one thousand pints of blood per year. No mean quantity. The army allows the soldier to accumulate a half day leave for blood contributions. The present prison population then, could undoubtedly look after fifty per cent of the blood needs for Kingston, which would put them on a par with the seven thousand man army camp. And at the present rate of prison population expansion, probably in a few years, all of the blood.

The Kingston television station expressed their appreciation on the air. "The boys earned a well-deserved pat on the back." The donors appreciatively acknowledged this statement of thanks.

To point up the desperate need for blood, the following factors are surely relevant. Recently, the City of Kingston initiated an emergency blood drive for four hundred pints of blood. After an expansive publicity program, and other monetary sundries, approximately one hundred and thirty-four pints were collected. Far, far short of minimum requirements. The balance therefore, will eventually be made up from the emergency blood bank - the penitentiaries. Toronto, with a population of over a million people, put on an extremely costly campaign for two thousand pints of blood. The location was the Royal York Hotel. Refreshments were served, together with top name entertainment. As an added inducement, football tickets were given away free. The quota, however, was barely met with two thousand, one hundred and fifty-one donors.

The inmates of Joyceville have expressed a desire to sincerely thank the Red Cross staff and personnel for their courteous and gracious amenities. Their deference to the comfort of the donor, their obvious appreciation for his gift, were principal reasons for the inmate giving blood without compensatory, or concrete reward.

S. Stern



# Hello, Dr. Scott

( Editorial No. 2 )

Dr. Scott, prison psychiatrist, has written an excellent article on the characteristics which alter man's adjustment to the captive society. Despite the fact his theories — and many of his statements must be considered merely theoretical — vagrantly wander, we feel many of the facts he has placed before us deserve profound thought and commendation, whereas others warrant scrupulous examination as to their inherent realism.

It is, unfortunately, inconvenient to print his article in its entirety, but we will endeavour to take some of his statements out of context, with a sincere endeavour to leave his original meaning unchanged.

This article is not meant as a diatribe in rebuttal, but a look "from the other side of the fence."

"The prisoner is a captive only in terms of time," says Dr. Scott. "He actually has lost no freedom, perhaps he has gained it. Perhaps the prisoner has a philosophy which will outlast our more sophisticated themes."

The following is merely a layman's opinion, but we will, I think, find many from qualified society to echo it. One of the salient points is that the prisoner has lost the opportunity to make the best use of the most valuable commodity granted mankind. Time. Surely it is obvious incarceration has deprived the captive of something that deserves more than the politely euphemistic word "only" as being descriptive of the convicts' situation.

Dr. Scott is unequivocally correct when he refers to the prisoner who has not lost any freedom by being in jail. But this pertains only to those of us who are shackled by a morally confining — to them — code of behaviour and ethics. Yes, they are intrinsically happier and freer in jail. Though certainly many of us have lost our freedom in no uncertain terms. Just as there is a differentiation between citizen personalities, there is also a variance beneath

the numbers.

If a prisoner has a philosophy which is better than that of a normal society, it seems to us it would be valid only so long as the philosophizing is in jail. Whether it is better or not, would not seem to have any significance. Is not the point of prison, primarily to protect society, and secondarily to rehabilitate the man? We believe then, it is the duty of society, or its psychologists, to align the prisoners' philosophy into conformity with that of a normal citizen. How, otherwise, can his recidivation be precluded?

The doctor goes on to say the inmate is removed from his children, and implies deprivation of his wife's company is further punishment. Further to this Dr. Scott opines the captives deserve this and "more" .

Anguish experienced by the captive because of his inability to assist his family, either monetarily or physically, is probably the most extreme punishment endured by the inmate. For the sake of complaisancy, we will concede he is mentally bankrupt and cannot assist in this regard. Of course he needs more restrictions, if only for the purpose of maintaining an orderly and comprehensive organization such as our penal system is, but we are vehemently opposed to the suggestion his punishment should be "more."

The doctor then enumerates the problems of the inmate society amongst which he lists as number seven, "loss of freedom." This is an obvious contradiction of a previous statement. "He actually has lost no freedom, perhaps he has gained it." Only one of these opinions is tenable. Which?

Despite our empirical disagreement with some of the doctor's views, it is nevertheless imperative that the penal system avail itself of his future, and possibly ameliorative views.

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The priest, the minister and the rabbi were having lunch, together with a banker.

"Do you work on a commission or salary, Father?"

"Well," replied the priest, "I draw a circle on the ground, and then I throw the Sunday collection up in the air. What falls in the circle is for God, and the rest is for me."

"And how do you arrive at your wages, Reverend?"

"Almost the same way, except that I draw a line on the ground. That which falls on the right side is for God, and the money on the left side is for me."

"And you, Rabbi?"

"Oh, I do about the same thing. I throw the money up in the air. What God wants, He just takes. What falls on the ground is for me."

# EDUCATION ? What Is It Worth ?

By D. Thoman

It is easy for me to answer my topic question quite simply. Education is important in itself. That is to say, many well educated people further their education because they want to do so, not because of any particular reason, but, just because they want to do so. Of course, this doesn't tell you anything. You want to know of what value an education is to an inmate of a penitentiary.

It is imposible to answer that question without first defining education. One often hears the statement, "Just who the hell does he think he is? He has no better education than I." This observation in itself may serve to illustrate the fact that most men don't really know what an education is. Naturally, the first answer that crops up in one's mind is that, "Education is the amount of schooling taken by a man." How wrong this is! This is only a small part of education. When we consider it in this way, we can see that education includes the following; schooling, social relationships, personal habits and all the experience of life. Therefore, we must come to the conclusion that an educated man is a man, who through experience of all sorts, has come to know how to live a satisfactory life in relation to his fellow man. I don't, by any means, wish to hint that an education means conformity, because it does not. *In fact, many "non-conformists" are "non-conformists" due to lack of education.*

School is the place where you come to be educated. Do you leave educated? The answer to that question is dependent on two things; yourself and the teacher. The teacher must be well qualified and he must have the peculiar ability or gift that permits him to teach properly. However, even though the teacher be a good one, it is still possible that you fail to learn. If this is the case, then you have failed to learn either because you do not really wish to learn, or because some other problem prevents you from being able to learn. The list of other problems preventing or hampering can be endless, including all the many physiological and psychological ones that people have.

In any event, you may ask one of two questions. perhaps you ask, "Even if I do learn something, what good will it do me?" Or, I have heard others say, "We must learn because we need an education to make out in the world to-day." How true this is! You do need an education. However, both of the above schools of thought show a failure to grasp the true concept of the term "education".

The first group fails to see any value in the educative program. Obviously, they are wrong, as I shall illustrate. The people in the second group believe that if they can get an education they will be able

to improve their job status. They are only partly right. It is my opinion that the academic or factual knowledge that a man gains in an institution school has only a limited value to him when he goes to look for a job. Certainly it has some value, but there is something more important to be gained in education.

Some factual knowledge is essential to the inmate. It certainly helps when you apply for a job, to be able to speak decent English, and be able to read, or write legibly. After all, what employer wants his employee to endorse his pay check with an X?

In working for a company, there is certainly going to be a time when one is forced to fill out a form of some sort. You must be able to read, write and spell to do this in a reasonable fashion. Even if you do not wish to be able to benefit your firm through your own knowledge, think of the protection for yourself in being able to read well. When someone asks you to, "Sign on the bottom line", do you know what you are signing? If you can't read, or don't bother to do so, you may fall victim to an aluminum siding salesman, or, how ironic it would be for someone who didn't bother to read, to end up with an encyclopedia which he was not able to read, just because he was misled by the salesman. An old maxim comes to mind. "The man who can read and doesn't, has no advantage over the man who can't". In any event, there is a positive value to be able read, write and spell correctly.

A few years ago, for summer employment, I operated and set up milling machines. Quite often, I would be asked to show a new employee how to run one of the machines. As I was with the firm for quite a few summers, I came across many unskilled employees wishing to better themselves. It seemed very strange that most of my trainees had great difficulty in learning how to read a micrometer. A vernier caliper. was impossible for them to understand. Invariably, it worked out that the trainee had trouble reading a ruler. If you are to gain any skill in industry, you must be able to read a ruler and to use fractions and decimals. If a man is satisfied pushing a broom and his employer is satisfied with the man's lack of effort to better himself then the man will keep his job, otherwise, no. You can learn some of these skills in an institution school and with them, you may improve your job class.

However this factual knowledge is not the only important thing that you can gain from the institution school. As I mentioned earlier, it is a misconception to consider education as just the measure of a man's formal schooling. Education is all of life; learning the proper behavioural patterns to certain stimuli. In other words, the type of reaction that you make to a certain influence, shows how well or poorly you are



educated. A simple example might be this. If a man, when "told off" by his employer commits some covert act of destruction against the employer, such as purposely lubricate a bearing so that it burns out, then this man has not learned a moral made of releasing aggression. Regardless of his schooling, he could not be considered an educated man.

Can you learn to adjust, which is, I think, the crux of education, in an institution school? I won't guarantee it, but I believe that you could learn to adjust, if you took an active part in the learning program. While you are learning certain factual knowledge, you are also being exposed to logic and reason. After much practice, logic and reason tend to become the way of life. If you can learn to live a somewhat logical reasonable life, it would seem to me that your prospects for the future, would be much brighter.

As well as logic, perhaps you will learn how to discipline yourself to the point where you will be able to work properly. Work habits, when properly developed, are a valuable tool for getting ahead.

Perhaps, and this is most important, you will learn to want to learn. If you can do this, perhaps, you have become an educated person. If you consciously try to learn and improve, your progress up the job ladder, will certainly be faster than it would be otherwise. Employers look for employees that really want to learn and are able to learn.

No, education is not all formal schooling. Education is the reshaping and building of attitudes and learning to adjust. Education is of value in itself. However, if you wish to know briefly how education will help you when you go to get a job, it will help you because you have a greater amount of factual knowledge and thus will have the ability to do more skilled jobs. More important, if your attitudes change for the better, to the point where you want to learn, your advancement will be much more rapid and you will be more likely to enjoy the job you do. Hence, one of the most important results of education is happiness in job and social relations and this is important.

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#### PENAL PRESS EXCHANGE PENDLETON REFLECTOR.... INDIANA

Yours is probably the most effectively progressive penal paper we've read. This undoubtedly is due to the new policy of noncensorship. Your Mr. Dolnick and Mr. Henry are doing something, not just talking to salve their moral conscience. The ultimate success of their efforts and yours, is dependent on the con. Perhaps, this one time, in this one jail the inmates will heed the pragmatic plea of your competent and sagacious Robin Smith.

Your June 24th issue also has a column by Helton. When a man calls "God's position shaky," then aside from his querulous pessimism for the future, his dissertation should be trimmed in black. Nobody is going to take him by the hand and lead him through his time.

## Thunder Heads ?

"No. This is something we are not."

Warden Jarvis, relating himself to the inmates, expressed his views and feelings on the accomplished fact that three of the prison artists creditably acquitted themselves at the outdoor fence painting contest in downtown Kingston. "The outstanding work" said Mr. Jarvis, "reflects happily on me."

Russ Hinds, for his exciting work of progressive modernism, received overall second prize. John Hunter, with a life-like portrait of Sir John A. MacDonald, and Vince Mulligan, with a well executed semi-abstract of Expo '67 received honourable mention.

Mr. John Tett, Director of Recreation for Kingston, came to Joyceville for presentation of the prizes to the three artists. Mr. Jarvis was most accomodating in that he stretched the rules by allowing the gift of cigarettes to be made.

Sponsors of the contest, The Kingston City Police Association, were pleased by the co-operation afforded them by the inmates' efforts.

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It has just come to our attention that sale of all pictures in this competition were offered at auction. The sale realized \$124.00 for approximately twenty-five paintings. Vince Mulligan's "Expo '67" brought almost half the total. Sixty dollars. Ironically, he was not among the winners of the contest. Obviously the taste of the general public differed sharply from that of the judges. From the results it would seem logical that Mulligan should have received the first ten prizes. But then, that is just a bit illogical.

The warden has commissioned Mulligan to do a series of paintings for the administration offices and the officers' mess. Russ Hinds, second prize winner, will assist him. Popular opinion is that Vince is qualified to gain more than adequate compensation for his labours.

# OUBLAISSE — Hope for the Hopeless

Readers Digest

Sociologists the world over are watching this picture-book French chateau where one man is salvaging society's chronic losers.

Look in at a picture-book chateau at Oublaisse, in central France — white limestone towers and turrets, graceful Gothic windows, lovely formal gardens. Inside one might expect to find elegantly dressed gentry dancing a cotillion. Actually, petty thieves — all participating in a remarkable social experiment. Says Jean Francois Perrette, owner of Oublaisse and sponsor of the experiment: "Society provides treatment for crippled children, care for the aged and the indigent. But it has few answers except jail for the social zeros we deal with here."

"I am neither a reformer nor a romantic, but I think it time we started looking for other solutions. At Oublaisse we try to give these social rejects self-assurance, teach them trades, make them self-supporting. Considering what we have to work with, it is surprising how often we succeed."

Perrette is quite as remarkable as the experiment he has been conducting for 18 years on his own property and at his own expense. A bouncy 68, he looks a dozen years younger. Tough of body as well as mind, he puts in a 14-hour day that would send many a younger man to a sanitarium. To the chateau's normal population of 180 "boys" Perrette is "le Commandant."

"I might very well have been a social outcast myself," he says. Raised by a working mother — his father died when he was eight — he had to shift for himself. At 17 he joined the French army to fight through World War 1. Home and broke at the end of hostilities, he got whatever odd jobs he could find, including salvaging nails from old crates, and he finally saved enough money to start a small business making rubber bands, rings for preserve jars, and such.

The business prospered and Perrette made large commitments in the rubber market. He was wiped out when prices crashed in 1929. A year later he started up again and by 1939 had accumulated a small fortune. Then came World War 2, and Perrette served as a tank commander, collecting three wounds, 11 decorations and a major's commission before winding up in a German prison camp in Brittany. He escaped in a garbage truck and joined the French Resistance.

At war's end, Perrette decided to help homeless, purposeless war veterans by establishing a rest home. An ideal property came on the market — the wrecked chateau at Oublaisse. Seized by the government because its owner had collaborated with the Nazis, it was for sale at the knock-down price of \$12,000.

Perrette bought the once lovely ruin — formal gardens a tangle, windows out, rooms littered with the filth of migrants who used the place as temporary shelter, burning furniture in fireplaces for warmth. The great drawing room had been used as a sheepfold, and the chateau's 250 acres of one-productive farm and woodland had gone to brush.

Perrette began a massive cleaning job. When it was finished several dozen broke and homeless vets moved in. Soon it became clear that many of them were simply settling down to loaf for the rest of their lives. Perrette saw that a critically important ingredient was missing.

"Work is the best remedy for most of man's ills," he decided, and in 1951 he revised his program. Henceforth he would take in anyone willing to work. Those totally lacking in skills could rake leaves, sweep floors, do simple farm chores. Others would learn trades — out of which new confidence would be born. Pay would start at 20¢ a day with board and lodging free. Once aimless drifters were rehabilitated, he would attempt to get them jobs.

Restrictions were kept at a minimum: after all, Oublaisse wasn't a prison. If inmates wanted to spend meager earnings on cheap wine, for instance, that was their affair. "You don't cure alcoholism by shutting off the supply," says Perrette. "The only hope is to substitute new interests for alcohol."

From the start the massive task was pretty much bootstrap lifting. Mountains of food were needed to feed a population that at times rose to 225. Clearly, the experiment had to be almost completely self-supporting. This meant cows, pigs, chickens, sheep and acres of gardens and orchard.

Furniture was another problem for the most empty chateau. A workshop was set up and trees on the property were cut for lumber. Then the men set about making beds, chairs, and tables. Sheep were sheared for mattress stuffing. And all this activity provided training for woodworking, animal husbandry and agriculture for mostly unskilled men.

As the word spread, the dispossessed and dispirited began to drift in. Social workers sent some, others were referred by judges willing to suspend sentences for minor offences if the offenders agreed to take the Oublaisse work cure. They were greeted with a hot meal, a shower, clean clothes, a plain but neat room. Work assignments followed.

From the start, Perrette made it a firm rule to accept anyone, no matter how great the problem, up to the chateau's capacity. One despairing widow brought seven children. The blind, the crippled, those denied jobs because of criminal records, wobbly drunkards, soon filled the chateau to the raft-



ers. More space was needed.

The "dregs of the dregs" set to work mixing and pouring concrete, glazing windows, fitting pipe, making wooden roof trusses since steel was too costly. As always there were a few men with some training, but for the majority it was learn-as-you-go. They built an astonishingly professional 50-room dormitory.

Other things were needed: recreational facilities, for example. Since nearby villages had no movie theatre, why not build one for weekly shows? It could be largely self-supporting. Result: a 550-seat theatre better looking than those in many small towns, with everything, including the seats, made by metal and woodworkers at Oublaisse.

It became clear that the Oublaisse experiment had to have extra income. Since the nucleus of a woodworking shop already existed Perrette decided to enlarge it and manufacture items profitably.

France's nationalized electrical industry wanted standard mounting frames on which home electric meters could be hung. Oublaisse began supplying them by the tens of thousands. Fencing and parquet flooring were also in demand.

Why not a plastics factory? Molding machinery isn't too expensive and great skills aren't required for operation. More buildings were constructed while Perrette made market studies to determine what customers wanted. Inexpensive shower cabinets and fibreglass boats looked promising; the new factory at Oublaisse is turning them out in quantity.

Last year total goods sold amounted to \$240,000 — a long step toward self-support but not quite enough to keep operations out of red. Perrette still has to dig into his own pocket each year for about \$10,000 to balance accounts. Since he is nearly broke himself, he is currently seeking a government subsidy to make up the deficit. It would be better, he contends, for the government to spend a small amount here than a large amount for relief, and for prisons.

To help with his mammoth task, Perrette has the perfect assistant: his wife. Gay, attractive, tiny (80 pounds) Nguyen Thi Ngoc was born in Vietnam. With energy to match Perrette's, she oversees a thousand household chores: repair of donated clothing, laundry, teaching the untrained the elements of simple cookery, supervising bakers who make bread from the farm's own wheat.

The two were married in 1954 after the death of Perrette's first wife. The diminutive Vietnamese had perfect training for the mountain of responsibilities at Oublaisse. After the French military collapse in Indochina 100,000 Vietnamese poured into France. Her job in Paris was to find a new place for them. She referred many to Oublaisse and thus met Perrette.

By now upward of 3000 people have passed through Oublaisse, covering the entire spectrum of human misery and defeat. They have come from a

dozen countries: Spain, Turkey, Germany, Algeria, Italy, Yugoslavia.

Meet some of the "graduates". Five years ago a Spanish felon arrived. It took him three years to learn skilled carpentry. A job was waiting in a nearby town, also a wife. No longer a drifter, he has bought both home and car.

A middle-aged French war veteran came with his wife and three children. A confirmed alcoholic, he confesses frankly: I was an outcast and with good reason. I was at the absolute bottom, no job, no money, dispossessed from my home." At Oublaisse his children went to the chateau school, for which the state provided teachers; his wife learned laundry work and the man himself became a skilled bricklayer. He, in turn, taught the trade to his two sons, as they grew up. This family might have become public charges. Instead, it has a comfortable home in a Paris suburb with family income of \$600 plus a month.

Two Germans, dropped from the French Foreign Legion when that famed outfit began to shrink from a peak of 200,000 men down to 6000, turned vagabond because they didn't want to go home to communist East Germany. Vagabondage to petty crime to jail would have been the normal progression. Instead, at Oublaisse they learned cabinetmaking, and on graduation set up a small furniture manufacturing business.

One seemingly hopeless case was a legless Algerian veteran with not a friend in the world, not a sou in his pocket. He might have become a street beggar. Instead, he was fitted with artificial limbs, learned scientific farming, borrowed money to acquire land and married. Today, he is justifiably proud of his family and their cheerful home.

All cases, of course, don't end in success. Some men have been at Oublaisse as long as 12 years and will never leave. Yet they make useful contributions: keeping books, working in the kitchen, doing small jobs in the factories.

Others, perhaps 20 percent, cannot stand the discipline for more than a few days. They simply drift away. Another ten percent have to be dismissed for drunkenness, fighting and other disruptive activities. Overall, Perrette's figures indicate that about 40 percent of real problem people are salvageable. Some of these can go out to face the world heads up, and make a place for themselves. Others would be safer in a "protected" environment — small towns where help will be available if needed.

The pretty village of Ecuille, three miles from the chateau, offers such an environment. At the outset the little Middle Ages town, dominated by an 11th-century church, was hostile to Perrette's experiment. Citizens didn't want jailbirds as close neighbours. They scorned the parade of the defeated that came into town on payday to crowd the town's ten bars.

Actually, behaviour was surprisingly good — most of the men drank their wine quietly and returned to the chateau. A police officer told me "In the past

four years there has been but one arrest for a criminal offense: a man stole two bottles of eau de vie. In the past 18 months there have been two arrests for drunkenness. That is all — and it isn't much." As good behaviour became apparent, and as graduates began to move into town to become good and industrious citizens, hostility dwindled.

Is Oublaise just an isolated experiment conducted by a remarkable man, with only meager implications for the rest of the world? Perrette hopes not.

"This is a problem facing every country," he says. "There are an estimated 400,000 hard-core problem people in France, and proportionately as many elsewhere. As the pace of life quickens their numbers will increase. Here at Oublaise we have tried to give the world a blueprint of what can be accomplished with this expensive segment of the population."

Sociologists have come from Belgium, Yugoslavia, Great Britain and the United States to observe Perrette's rehabilitation work and plans are under way to establish similar centres in a number of countries. "There really isn't anything very difficult about it," says Perrette. "It simply amounts to putting a man to work, teaching him a trade, giving him a little self-respect, and letting him feel useful — perhaps for the first time in his life."

\* \* \* \* \*

## PENITENTIARY WITHOUT WALLS AND BARS

Several years ago in the Kanton of St. Gallen in Switzerland and the dream of modern-day penologist became a reality: A prison without walls or bars was built from a dream that even the toughest convicts would respond to decent treatment. Skeptics predicted that such a prison would never work, that there would be more escapes than before in Swiss penal history, but the former skeptics are now firm supporters of the system and predict its world-wide acceptance and growth.

Located less than a two hour walk from the Austrian border, the prison is considered the most modern in Europe. At present, all inmates with long term are confined there. Forty-three of these are sex-offenders, long considered by penologists to be the most dangerous of all criminals. But, step by step, these prisoners are being brought back into society.

Stressing self-determination, the prison administration allows, for the most part, the prisoners to govern themselves, with each inmate responsible for his own actions. The Warden of this updated institution recently commented: "Here is the convict of today, but the citizen of tomorrow, and it is in our interest, as well as his that all the essential and human help which he needs is given to him, so that tomorrow, as a citizen, he will have a better understanding of the meaning of freedom and responsibility."

Upon arrival at this unique institution, a new prisoner goes into a single cell. There are no locks on the door and no bars on the windows. Yet, it is the solitude of his custody that makes him realize the loss of his freedom. He is allowed no radio and may

write and receive letters only on Sunday. However, he is allowed books and may also have some sort of handicraft hobby in his cell if he desires it. The new prisoner is designated as being in third grade.

After the prisoner has been in the institution for a while he can advance to second grade, which allows him to work on the outside crews which do such details as construction, maintenance, or farm the 187 acre prison farm. He may also take special training in the operation of trucks, heavy-duty construction equipment or participate in one of the numerous other trade learning programs.

The prisoner's next stop on the road to rehabilitation is reached when he is given the rank of first grade.

The first grade prisoner is allowed to journey into the outside world and secure a job with a private firm. With his salary he pays for his room and board at the penitentiary and the rest he keeps for himself or uses to support his family or to pay debts he may have contracted before coming to prison. As a first grade prisoner, he may also go into the city on weekends to a movie or dance, or just a quiet evening with friends.

Though in effect for only a few years, this new outlook in penology has already been proven successful. The very fact that there has never been an escape speaks highly of the plan. Convicts can be trusted if they themselves are trusted. And in this prison they can be. There are no numbers here. A man is addressed as "Mr. Maier" or Mr. Schulze," and makes a decent salary even in third grade. The basic idea behind the progressive Swiss system is that prisoners are future citizens and in order for them to become citizens they must be treated as such.

*(Translated from the Hamburg Abendblatt)*

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## TO LIVE ALONE, ONE MUST BE EITHER AN ANIMAL OR A GOD

Although I'm quite certain Aristotle was not thinking of convicts when he wrote the above concept, it nevertheless seems to be perfectly applicable.

It's true that biologically we are an animal. But it has never struck me that animals were particularly happy in a zoo, even with some of their own kind as companions. I'm reasonably sure that none of us think of ourselves as being Gods. If someone does, by the way, please report to your classification officer, because it's been overlooked.

But this is exactly what we are doing in jail. We are living alone, because we have a minimum of communication, and a complete lack of self identification.

But we are left with a choice: not to come back to jail until society has rectified the problem of rehabilitation, or, let's just not come back at all. And there we have the advantage over the other animals; we can reason and figure this problem out, and are thus left with a choice. We don't have to go to the zoo.



# BET

# YOUR

# LIFE

## (Editorial No. 3)

I think and hope that I'm qualified to present an impartial opinion on the willingness of American prisoners to join the army in their country's war in Vietnam.

Since I'm Canadian, in a Canadian prison, and can gain RELEASE, neither for myself, nor any of the other inmates, who to a degree, are represented by my voice in this paper, I obviously have nothing to gain.

And there lies the paradox. RELEASE. I've perused carefully many articles, re-prints, and editorials from the American penal press, begging, yes begging for an opportunity to serve in the war.

Do the law-makers of the country think this is RELEASE? Do they think the convict wants to leave the relative security and comfort of prison for the highly dangerous life of the army? The fighting army in Vietnam? Where he stands one hell of a chance of getting killed? There is not much doubt the convict will be in the front line; but that's fine, because that's where he belongs.

The literate and comprehensive comments I've seen in the penal press, of convicts who want to join the army, suggest a strong sufficiency of intellect. Their suggestions are not mentally diarrhetic rhetoric.

This is probably their one great chance to atone. Not for their mistakes against society, but for their whole, probably misspent, lives. And doubtless it's for a selfish reason too. Of course they want to get out of jail. But when they get out this way, it serves a dual purpose. Partially they feel they've earned it but this is probably not so, since idealistically it is a privilege to serve your country, - but remember, it is also a right and secondly, they are at least performing objectively and constructively.

To lay one's life on the line is a measure of a person's intrinsic set of values.

If a convict is willing to bet his life for society, his country, and himself and family, I think it reprehensible should he not be given the opportunity.

The only fallacy I can see in my viewpoint is in the order of importance. Probably the convict is thinking in this order: "Myself and family, my country and society"

At the risk of sounding facetious, when betting a life, particularly your own, is it really so selfish to put yourself first? Some do some don't. I am not pleading for the American convict, but I am making an unequivocal observation. Is this not a chance for rehabilitation to its fullest degree? And the extent of rehabilitation is at the discretion of the proper author-

ities.

In the words of the Declaration of Independence: "Man is endowed by his Creator with certain inalienable rights. Among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. To secure these rights, governments are instituted among men."

This almost sounds as though the Creator gave to the government the exclusive right to make laws. And I agree. But I feel the Creator may also have implied that some stringent rules could be ameliorated. Specifically, when it could be the salvation of many.

Editor.

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## Incipient Swingers

It's not too often we find an inmate anxiously waiting for his turn to come up, so that he may attend school in a classroom.

For another first at this institution - or any other - along with a hypnotist's act at the last Xmas concert, and the drama "BROTHER ORCHID" staged by the inmates, we now have a weakly worded, but strong selling MUSIC THEORY class.

Despite the stifling indoor atmosphere, the pupils are always in full attendance.

This class is under the personal supervision of the Related Training Instructor, Mr. R. Hepburn. He is teaching them, along with the fundamentals, the contemporary music jargon, of fifths, sevenths, inverted chords, chord progression, etc.

The MUSIC THEORY course can even be evaluated in terms of dollars and cents. Comparable tuition to that made available by Mr. Hepburn, would ordinarily cost about two to three dollars per hour. In all, about one hundred hours are involved.

But the monetary consideration is the least important part of the program. This course is an intrinsic part of rehabilitation to the ultimate degree.

Since rehabilitation invokes the reconstruction of an individual's basic formative abilities and tendencies, this class has a value that should at the least be comparable to learning a trade. Happily, it's a radical departure from unavoidable stagnancy usually associated with a classroom. It is a truly representative step of progress that can only be beneficial to the inmate and society.

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# Two Wrongs Don't Make A Right

A Satire

By

Syd Stern

How often have we heard this aggrieved complaint from the recipient of retaliation. Many, many times.

The inference to be taken from the title is obviously immutable. Let me present a hypothetical example of a typical family situation.

Your best friend, your best enemy, it really doesn't matter which has just shot, and killed you. Well, you shouldn't kill him in return. It wouldn't make you right. Anyway, it would be a most difficult exercise on your part.

Let's go on to a more subtle performance. Manfred has just walked into his house at 2 A.M. and has greeted his wife Eloise with a kiss.

*"Where ya been, ya bum?" she shouts.*

Before Manfred can think of a plausible lie, she belts him across the nose with her garter belt. He laces her back with his shoe, leaving her the proud owner of a beautiful mouthful of tooth. Now it is wrong of both Manfred and Eloise. Two wrongs do not make a right.

But wait. Supposing Eloise was right in smashing Manfred, and he was wrong in smashing Eloise. We then have one right and one wrong. One right and one wrong clearly do not add up to a right. Nor do they add up to a wrong. Since two wrongs do not make a right, and one right and one wrong do not make a right, then obviously, only two rights make a right. Or do they? But we'll see.

Here is another fairly common occurrence. Miss Horsabella is driving her car through the crowded city traffic. Her car is a light green color. The color of her car has absolutely nothing to do with what subsequently transpires, but you may remember it if you care to, or conversely, you don't have to if you don't feel like it. At any rate, going through a red light is wrong.

Miss Horsabella is a most careful driver. She comes to a green light. Naturally, she doesn't stop, she goes ahead. She comes to a red light. Naturally, she doesn't stop, she goes ahead. This is wrong.

Concurrently, Miss Effluvia is driving on the same street from the other direction, but on the wrong side of the road. This is also wrong.

So. We have two wrongs, which of course, make a wrong. Right? No. You're wrong. In order for two wrongs to make a wrong, a wrong must result from the two wrongs. If a wrong does not result from the two wrongs, why they have no relation to each

other and the result is not wrong, and such is the case in point here.

You see, Miss Horsabella and Miss Effluvia, on perceiving themselves headed for inevitable collision quickly picked up their soggy box lunches, and threw them in front of their respective cars. Their boxes acted as buffers, and the cars did not even touch each other. And so no wrong occurred. It is thus patently apparent, two wrongs do not make a wrong.

We are all aware that two rights make a right. Suppose we follow this premise through.

Paragon and Ludicra were the end result of clean living and exemplary behaviour. Both were an innocent twenty years of age.

"Paragon," said Ludicra. "Just think. In another fourteen years, we will have discharged our filial obligations, and we can then with clear conscience, be happily married."

Paragon thought wishfully of the fulfillment of his duties in fourteen years. Suddenly, he correlated the thoughts of Ludicra discharging, and he satisfactorily fulfilling, their mutual obligations.

"Listen Ludicra," he said. "We agreed when we were twelve years old, we would get married after we had made satisfactory arrangements for our parents' old age."

"Right," she answered. "And we also agreed, since we're both working, we would each give them \$42.50 from our weekly salaries, which would keep them until they reach the age of one hundred and four. Of course, if they live after that, well it's just their hard luck. They'll just have to make it on their own from there."

"Good," he replied. "Now here's what we can do. Let's go to the bank and take a mortgage on our careers for the next fourteen years. With the interest, we can pay off the bank in twenty-one years, but we'll be able to get married right away. Of course we won't be able to eat too much, but we'll find other things with which to occupy our time."

Ludicra's eyes were dulled with love. His were sharpened by constancy. They agreed.

Ludicra presented her proposal to her parents. Her mother's eyes misted with gratitude when she heard it. "That's very thoughtful of you, dear," said her mother. "But don't you think you should make the agreement in perpetuity, through insurance of course, in the event you drop dead before we do?"

After two hours of furiously amicable discussion,



Ludicra agreed to \$44.00 per week, instead of the original \$42.50.

Paragon, meanwhile, approached his parents with the same stipulation. There was a small difference of opinion on what the weekly payments should be, but his parents finally consented with only one reservation. That Paragon make the agreement retroactive for two years.

Unfortunately, their connubial bliss was barren for twelve years. But in the thirteenth year, they were compensated for all their hardships and weekly payments. Ludicra, according to the veterinarian - he was half price - was satisfactorily impregnated.

What a joyful culmination to a story of two such good people. Two such right people. There can be no doubt Ludicra and Paragon were good, and right. Obviously, here we have two rights.

But, Ludicra went to the hospital, and had a thalidomide baby. No arms or legs, you know.

Now, that's not right. So, two rights, after all, do not make a right, do they?

Yes, it doesn't matter what your age, or vocation, it is at times indeed difficult to tell the difference between right and wrong.

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## Doing Time

Editor

ADAPTATION. That's the key word. Man is basically a land animal. But when the Flood came, he adapted to water, by way of the Ark. Now we are getting ready to adapt to an airless moon.

If, for the first time, a person finds himself in jail, the experience is a stunning shock. Provided he is not left there long enough to adapt. But leave him in prison for a few months, or years, he adjusts to his environment, and the jail no longer presents the uncertain trepidations that it did on his arrival. His incarceration becomes bearable.

Give a first time offender thirty days, and he's in a state of apprehension that is pitiable. He feels the end of the thirty days will never come. But give him X amount of years, he mentally toughens, and becomes the stereotyped con we all know.

He is less likely to come back after a few days in jail, than a few years. Just as Noah adapted to the seas, so does man adapt to prison, after the shock wears off.

According to penologists and criminologists, jail is supposed to be rehabilitative not punitive.

To which one may answer that, while this is true, jail is also supposed to be preventative, as a solution to crime. This statement would seem to apply directly to the repeater. All right, let's talk about the repeater, who is, of course, as important as the first time loser.

There must be an alternative to imprisonment for ridiculous lengths of time. And the answer is suspended sentence or probation. And it is most important that this type of sentence be made applicable to the repeater.

When he acts contrary to the law after a suspended sentence or probation, he knows he has no chance of beating it in court. He knows he's going back to jail. He'll think more than twice before he breaks the law again. And it gives him an excuse to his so-called friends. He can't break the law because of what he's got hanging over his head. This, of course, will eventually lead to a break with unsavory acquaintances.

In jail, where you'll hear a con say, "No, I don't want to do that, because I'll blow my good time," or "I'm up for parole," you can be certain the man on probation or suspended sentence is not likely to do anything that is positive to send him back to prison.

Idealistically, prison should be a deterrent, not a punishment. And man can adapt to legitimate society. Remember, GUILT is, after all, temporary.

\* \* \* \* \*

## JUST DESSERT

Some countries are backward and stay that way. And some progress. Not too quickly, but nevertheless, they do to a degree. Saudi Arabia, since having shaken the yoke of King Ibn Saud, and adorned itself with the mantel of his liberal half-brother King Faisal, has established itself as a leader in this march.

Only a few years ago, they had slaves. Of course they still have slaves, but they've raised prices to discourage dealings in this trade.

Murderers were beheaded with a huge axe. Saudi Arabia's modern solution to capital punishment is to shoot them.

Thieves had their hands chopped off. In all probability you are not one of those who have suffered this minimal retribution, but you see, not only do you lose your hand, but the smashing blow of the axe, and the resultant vibrations and tremors, cause broken bones to the balance of the arm. Rather sloppy but sort of a consecutive sentence.

But this practice has been abolished. Now the hand is first dislocated at the wrist, to prelude breakage of the attached property, then chopped. And a painkiller is solicitously administered beforehand.

\* \* \* \* \*

Harry, who was Jewish, was having a discussion with his English born wife. He and Verna were probably the two most compatible people in the neighborhood. Raised voices were foreign to their home, but in this particular instance, they were dangerously close to losing their usual composure.

"I think we should have a brother for Brenda and Helen."

"No," stamped Verna. "Two children are enough."

Harry, by now completely exasperated, almost whispered "You're just being stubborn. I think you're an anti-semitite."

They had a baby boy ten months later.



# Infarcerations

S. Stern

Did you know that yak butter is the principal export of Tibet....It's against the law to eat rattlesnake meat on Sunday in Kansas..If homosexuality is your strong point move to England — you might even be elected to the House of Lords....Do you remember Dimaggio....a pint of whiskey for 85¢....plus fours when you were a kid....spats....Duke of Kent detached collars with striped shirts....the little light moving into the ice box....cutout bathing suits at the side for men....Major Bowes' original amateur hour ....bagels for recess....if you do you have an excellent memory. You're also between 45 and 50 years old....The mouse speaking to his unconscious friend caught in a mouse-trap "Squeak to me Sydney, squeak to me....In Africa, the men want a ceiling price put on the cost of wives — \$75.00 — but the women are strongly against it — they say it should be \$15.00 —sounds reasonable....A little town in New York has an ordinance saying you cannot eat peanuts and walk backwards while a concert is on....Two strangers at the check writing counter in a bank — man in slouch hat to other stranger, "Is hold up spelled one word?"....Researchers have found that all habitual criminals went to jail before the age of eighteen

and have spent three fifths of their life in jail.... Lady Bird's correct name is Claudia Alta —So?.... 50% of police rookies in the United States earn less than five thousand dollars per year....Conserve water during the summer months — shower with a friend...."Vengeance is mine saith the Lord — so why don't we just abolish courts....What do they do with old bowling balls? Make rosaries for Catholic elephants.... Watching T.V. can make you sterile....Mary Poppins is a fink....Why'd you shoot your husband with a bow and arrow? I didn't want to wake the children....Hire the morally handicapped....Toronto is holding a lottery — first prize is one week, all expenses paid vacation in Montreal. Second prize, two weeks.... a business contract is a written agreement between two honest citizens each of whom thinks the other is a thief....I'm here because I'm not all there....Against the law in Lexington, Ky. — to carry an ice cream cone in your pocket....If you drink don't drive — you may hit a bump and spill the whole damn thing....Grandma Moses loves Pablo Picasso....says the F.B.I. every man and woman in the country commit enough crimes to warrant several years in the penitentiary.



I should like to thank in advance the readers of this magazine for their thoughtfulness in writing to say so, and those who will not, for their forbearance.

**Editor**

